F O R U M

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The National Diet

Editorial Foreword

"Tell me what you eat," says the nutritionist, "and I will tell you what you are."

Rather late in human history, in fact during the past 30 years, we have discovered the properties of foodstuffs and ascertained their effects on the human system. Today the city dweller who wishes better health than that enjoyed by his farming ancestors has only to write to Washington for authoritative pamphlets on diet or can obtain them free from his local Emergency Relief Bureau. Science is feeding even the animals. In studying the longevity of tigers, one will find the old fellows not out in distant jungles but at home in public zoos where they obtain protective diets of proteins, minerals, and vitamins.

The responsibility of government to interfere with the right of ignorant citizens to undermine their health as well as their bank balance is increasing with the years. When Congress met in Philadelphia in 1793, that city was desolated with the scourge of yellow fever. The townsfolk regarded the pestilence as an act of God, and the local authorities as such did little more than see that bodies were not left to rot in the streets. As for the federal government, it looked askance at the whole plague, and President Washington rented a house during the term of Congress not in the city but in Germantown, discreetly outside the infected area.

The recent visit of Viscount Astor to the United States heralded the news that now the leading nations of the world are studying diet as a national policy. Viscount Astor is chairman of a committee of the League of Nations that has issued a report on the adjustments needed to provide Western civilization with proper diets. This document followed another report issued by the health organization of the League, compiled by a technical commission of nutrition experts, in which is set forth a new ideal, the optimum diet. The dominant idea of the report is that the needs of the mother and the growing child are of paramount importance in determining the physical well-being of the population of any country. This technical commission includes three Americans — Professor E. V. McCollum of Johns Hopkins, Dr. W. H. Sebrell of the National Institute of Health in Washington, and Professor Mary Swartz Rose of Columbia University.

Proteins, Minerals, Vitamins

The commission recognizes that the deficiency in modern diets is less in energy-producing foods than in the protective foods. In America milk, meats, green vegetables, and fruits are the most important protective victuals. In all countries milk is the most valuable of these foods. It is rich in calcium salts and phosphates and in vitamins A and B. Ordinary

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diets are deficient in vitamin D, and, on this account, wherever sunshine is not abundant throughout the year, fish-liver oils are desirable. Potatoes are recommended as a better protective food than cereals. The commission has set up model diets for adults, especially for the pregnant mothers of the world, and others for children of various ages.

Who knows but that diet is not in part responsible for the difference in temperament between the stolid British laborer and the talkative French peasant? If the Scandinavians seem to many tourists to be a contented people, certainly their diet satisfies many scientific tests. White bread is inconspicuous. Instead, the foreign guest is confronted with all shades of whole-wheat and rye breads. Milk and cheeses are abundant, and fresh fish rich in iodine.

In our country we are well on the way toward a national conscience in diet. Yet we still tolerate the irony of overproduction of foodstuffs concurrently with the malnutrition of millions of our children. The chief difficulty, of course, is the relatively high cost of protective foods. Along with economic maladjustment goes the delay in education, the general ignorance owing to the lack of public information about the nutritional value of the various foodstuffs.

One of the silver linings of the depression and the widely feared sapping of private initiative by government feeding is the new vim and vigor manifest in the mothers and children from our slums — brought about by the free diets to which they never had access in times of national prosperity. In a manufacturing city of Connecticut they tell of an examination in a public school in which children were asked what, when they grew up, they wanted to be. With singular unanimity they wrote: *to be on relief*.

A Scot in Aberdeen, Sir James Orr, has made a somewhat radical recommendation for the abandonment of *laissez faire* in the interest of national nutrition. Perhaps his plan holds suggestions for U.S.A.

> The solution of the problem of how to achieve the desired increased consumption, which must be brought about by paying a remunerative price to the farmer, and, at the same time, making food available at a retail price within the reach of the poorest, could probably be found by modifying the function of marketing boards in the direction of making them public utility companies, which would run the processing centres — slaughter houses, bacon factories, and milk depots. These boards would buy from the farmer and sell to the distributing trades, and this organization of distribution would, in itself, lower the retail price by lowering the cost of distribution. The rest of the gulf should be bridged by direct subsidy from the State to the boards, and the subsidy should be regarded as more in the interests of public health than of agriculture.

Whether regimented or no, the American citizen who is able to read may learn to eat scientifically if he has access to $1 a day for food, even in restaurants in large cities. *The Foundations of Nutrition*, by Mary Swartz Rose, if mentally digested, will give the doctors many a holiday. The modern philosophy of nutrition is set forth in very simple fashion in Sherman's *Food and Health* and in McCollum and Simmonds's *Food, Nutrition, and Health*.

License to Eat

MR. AVERAGE CITIZEN goes forth from his home after breakfast with certain gadgets in his pockets. He usually has a handkerchief. He fumbles for his pencil and small change. If he drives a car, he carries his operator's license. Would it not be sensible, in these days when science has taken the trouble to ascertain the properties of victuals, if he carried also a card listing protective foods? It might remind him that milk and salad serve him better for lunch than pastry and pickles.

Thirty different federal offices in Washington are concerned with the problem of nutrition. New York City has scores of public nutrition agencies. Everywhere our States, counties, municipalities are alert to the issue. Surely the national health deserves greater federal responsibility. Several years ago in Chile, the secretary of health was given cabinet rating. On two previous occasions on this page we have urged the creation of new departments of the executive government in Washington. We have recommended a secretary of education. We have advocated a secretary of the arts. Now we suggest that the efficiency of the human body is of such paramount importance to the American people that health be given the dignity of a cabinet position with the surgeon general as secretary of public health.

Henry Goddard Leach

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A Businessman Looks at the ARMY

ANONYMOUS

FOR THE PAST four years I have had a unique opportunity to view, from the inside, the functioning of the United States army. If I were a soldier by profession there would be nothing unusual in this, but I am not. I am an average businessman, one of those run-of-the-mine Americans who worry about taxes, the rising public debt, commodity prices, freight rates, and whether or not they are carrying enough insurance to take care of the wife and kiddies in case something should happen to them.

Yet for four years I have been a part of the army, watching it work in times of stress, under conditions closely approximating a major military emergency, and again under ordinary peacetime routine, when nothing more important than tomorrow's dress parade and next spring's maneuvers appeared on the horizon beyond the parade ground.

Naturally I have learned some interesting things about the army, its make-up and its management. I like the army; I like the men in it; but, looking at it strictly from the viewpoint of the businessman and taxpayer, I must admit there is a great deal of room for improvement in both organization and management.

As a reserve officer, I was ordered to active duty in connection with the Army's job of "organization, administration and supply" of the CCC, back in 1933, when the CCC was one of Mr. Roosevelt's "experiments noble in purpose" and before it became one of Mr. Farley's potent vote-getting machines.

Immediately on reporting at an army post, I was assigned to duty on the staff of the commanding general of the CCC district which used that post as its headquarters. I was informed, with due solemnity and by no less a person than the commanding general himself, that, although I was only a reserve officer, this would not be held against me; that as long as I performed my assigned duties satisfactorily I would occupy the same status as any regular-army officer, and be entitled to the same privileges, both official and social. In other words, I might be a goat but I would be accepted by the sheep and accorded full fellowship. I would observe the same regulations regarding official and social calls as a regular officer; I would perform all the duties usually expected and required of an officer of my grade, in addition to the duties to which I was assigned as an officer of the district staff.

As an earnest of the regard in which I was to be held by the regulars, as I walked out of the general's office after that interview I was presented with a bill for initiation fees and the first month's dues of the officers' club. The adjutant informed me that a charge account had been opened for me at the post exchange and the post commissary and that the bills must be paid on or before the tenth of each month. He said also that my name had been placed on the guard roster and that I was detailed next morning as officer of the day. This was fast work for the army, as I learned later. But the general had passed the word.

I was assigned quarters, and within a few

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days moved my family in. After a careful study of the pertinent regulations, my wife and I began the round of official calls which would establish us as full-fledged "members of the garrison." I threw myself into the close-knit community life of that post with verve and enthusiasm, determined to be part and parcel of it. I studied regulations far into the night, read everything I could get my hands on about the customs of the service, and, secretly, practiced the manual of the saber for hours at a time, in order that I might acquit myself creditably at guard mount and at the weekly parades of the battalion, in which I was assigned a part. I acquired a full complement of boots and spurs and within a week I could return the salute of the headquarters orderly with all the nonchalance of a regular.

Sunk in a Rut

I had always admired the regular army, had looked on regular-army officers as superior beings, brave, glamourous, and highly efficient. And here I was, a businessman, a civilian part-time soldier, set down in a typical army post, where I could watch the wheels go round, see the machinery work. After four years of it, four years of daily association, of working for and with a typical segment of it, I still find much to admire in the regular army; many regular-army officers have become my warm friends; I have been treated with universal courtesy and consideration.

But, looking at it from the standpoint of a businessman and taxpayer, I found much, very much, to deplore in the army. I found its administrative machinery ponderous and cumbersome and costly, many of its methods antiquated, though hallowed by tradition and long usage. As a general rule I found the individual officers much more concerned with their personal ambitions, their personal aggrandizement, than with the success of the army's primary mission in our system of national defense. I found a good deal of arrogance, of intolerance and contempt for views other than those held and promulgated by the all-powerful General Staff.

No doubt the strategical plans and the tactical doctrines of our army are sound. I wouldn't know about that; and neither would anyone else, until those plans and doctrines have been tested in actual combat. The crucible of war forges its own geniuses on the field of battle; sheer blind luck plays a part too, if one reads history aright, and the Lord is generally on the side of him who "gits thar fustest with the mostest men" and has the heaviest artillery.

But the peacetime army is a big business establishment subsidized by the taxpayers to the tune of more than $1,000,000,000 a year, and it ought to be operated on sound business principles. It isn't.

To begin with, the army is caste-ridden. There are too many generals, too much General Staff, too much West Point. The army's understanding of the American ideal, the hopes and aspirations and needs of the people beyond the narrow confines of its own little posts and stations, is pitifully meager; and it assumes a lordly attitude of being a destiny within itself, rather than an instrument of public service. It is sensitive of its dignity, jealous of its prerogatives, and contemptuous of "those damned civilians."

I occupied a key staff position, enjoyed the confidence of my commander, exercised by virtue of my office a considerable amount of authority, and had a fair amount of responsibility. I sat in on policy-making conferences, listened to general and colonel and lowly lieutenant talking with their hair down, as it were. I was impressed by the fact that the mental processes of all of them, from lieutenant to general, were narrowed by precedent and tradition and the "way it has always been done." The last word rests with the commander, of course. His staff may and does advise him, and often it urges on him a course of action; but it is the prerogative of the general to take the advice or leave it. Very often he leaves it. But, when the decision is made, in nearly every case, one finds that it is tied down and bound round with regulations and precedents and with that military bugaboo, the "way it has always been done."

The Easy Line of March

The West Point caste and the General Staff clique are worst of all. It is easy to see why this is so. A lad enters West Point at about eighteen years of age, spends the next four years within the shadows of those cloistered gray walls high up on the Hudson, rarely leaving the West Point reservation except for

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one furlough between his second and third years. He is exceedingly impressionable, his mind both absorptive and formative. He becomes saturated with the military tradition, the military ideals and ideas. When he graduates he goes, after a short furlough at home, to join his first command, where he immediately becomes one of a group, most of whom have been through the same four years of training and absorbing that he has just finished. Unconsciously, perhaps, but nevertheless definitely, he forms the idea that the Government of the United States exists primarily for the sake of the army; that those "damned civilians" are tiresome and uncouth individuals who understand nothing of the important and glamourous life of which he is a part.

He has had no experience of civilian affairs; he has never really had to stand up against the competition of life; he hasn't the faintest idea what it means to a young man to be on his own, to fight a tough daily battle for existence. All during his course at West Point his every activity, almost his every thought, was predetermined by regulation and precedent; his personal finances were managed for him; even his clothing was bought and paid for by someone else. And, when he joins his regiment as a commissioned officer, his daily life is likewise regulated. He has no domestic problems, no competition against other men to get a job and little competition in holding the job his government has handed him. Just so long as he is not a downright blackguard or a thief, his job is good for life, or at least until he reaches the age of 64, when he is retired on three fourths of his pay.

He finds that professional ambition is a snare and a delusion. Every three years his pay is automatically increased, regardless of the degree of efficiency with which he has performed his duties. When in the fullness of time his name reaches the top of the list in his grade, he will inevitably be promoted to the next higher grade.

So, in twenty years or so he becomes a colonel, and maybe, if he is very discreet, gets good marks in his lessons at the various service schools, and hasn't fostered any new and unusual ideas, he'll become a brigadier general; later, perhaps, a major general. The habits of long years are not easily broken, and, as the lieutenant walks softly before his superiors along the groove cut out for him, he becomes habituated to following the groove.

The process has been going on for many many years. After every war some new blood comes into the army, but West Point still dominates in numbers, and the new blood soon becomes accustomed to doing the same old things in the same old way.

Where the Money Goes

There is a tremendous waste of man power, of education and training, and consequently of money in all ranks. The military education of an army officer, by the time he has gone through West Point, the Infantry School at Fort Benning, or the Cavalry, Field Artillery, or Coast Artillery School, the Command and General Staff School at Leavenworth, and finally the Army War College at Washington and is ready to take his place on the General Staff, represents an investment by the taxpayers of some $200,000, not counting his pay and allowance during the years when he is not attending schools.

Most of that highly technical and expensive education is allowed to go to waste, except of course in time of war. It is wasted because practically all of it — with the possible exception of the company officers' course at Benning — is theoretical. Unless the graduate gets some chance to practice his theories with real live soldiers, they soon are forgotten or become a meaningless jumble of words.

It would seem logical that, after the government has spent some twenty thousand dollars odd sending an officer through the course at Benning, when he is sent to his regiment he might be given an opportunity to practice some of the things he has presumably learned, to instruct his fellow officers and soldiers of the regiment in the up-to-the-minute theories and practices as taught by what is said to be the finest school of its kind in the world. But does he get that chance? Never! Well — hardly ever, so far as my observation goes. Nine times out of ten a recent graduate of Benning will be assigned to some minor staff duty, such, for example, as assistant adjutant or assistant quartermaster or post athletic officer.

I know of one case, a young first lieutenant who made a brilliant record at the Infantry School, specialized in machine gunnery, and on graduation was said to be one of the best

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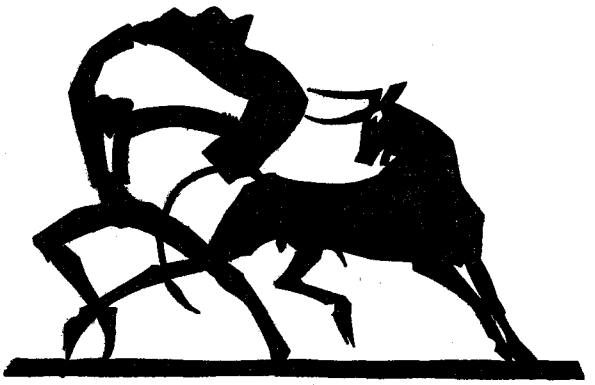

machine-gun officers in the army. On reporting at the station to which he was assigned after finishing school at Benning, he was immediately detailed to the service company, where his duties consisted of seeing that the required number of mules were hitched to the required number of garbage–pick-up wagons each morning. Some few months later he was detailed as junior aide-de-camp to the commanding general, and he has hardly seen a machine gun since leaving Benning three years ago.

That's just an example of the appalling waste of man power, training, and education which is the rule rather than the exception in the army. Everywhere you'll find $5,000-a-year majors and $6,000-a-year lieutenant colonels and colonels holding desk jobs with resounding titles, their duties consisting almost entirely of signing a few unimportant reports prepared by $70-a-month sergeants.

There are literally hundreds of colonels of the combatant arms who have never commanded a regiment, even in a parade; lieutenant colonels who haven't seen a whole battalion together at one time in years.

I know one lieutenant colonel of infantry whose case is typical. During the World War he was a major but he did not command a battalion; he served as an assistant division adjutant. Following the war he was sent to the Command and Staff School, where, after a strenuous two-year course that cost the taxpayers something like $40,000, he was detailed for four years as assistant instructor of National Guard units in a Midwestern State. Then he was sent to Benning, where, for a little over a year, he actually commanded a battalion of infantry — the only period during more than sixteen years when he has actually commanded soldiers. After Benning he went out on another four-year detail as instructor. Finally, in order to comply with the letter of the law which says that every field officer must have a certain amount of duty with troops to be eligible for promotion, this major was assigned to a regiment and sent to the station where one battalion of that regiment was stationed. Immediately on arrival at the post he was assigned to duty as CCC inspector. On one occasion during his three years at that station he mounted a horse. The major was duly promoted to lieutenant colonel. He had had his two years' duty with troops!

An Army Post

Consider this post at which I served my four years. It is quite typical of the 200 odd army posts in the United States and her possessions. Some are larger, some smaller, but this one is about average.

Shortly after the Civil War, it was built as a regimental post, when a regiment had about 600 men. It is now a one-battalion post. Including the medical detachment, the quartermaster detachment, the signal and ordnance detachments, there are about 600 soldiers commanded by a brigadier general. The battalion is commanded by a lieutenant colonel, and is a separate administrative unit from the post itself. So, really, there is no need for a post administrative set-up at all. The battalion commander is fully qualified by training and experience to act as post commander as well as battalion commander. And the battalion staff could quite easily handle post administrative work as nothing more than a negligible sideline.

But the army doesn't do things that way. That's the sensible and economical way to do it, but —

The G-1 section of the War Department General Staff had more general officers than jobs needing generals. It was decided therefore to place one of these excess generals in command of this particular post, and a brigadier was chosen and given the assignment. Well and good, if they had let it go at that; but they didn't. A general has to have a staff, and the members of that staff must be of suitable rank.

The staff assembled by this general to handle the administration of this little one-battalion post is, in addition to the general himself:

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1 lieutenant colonel; post executive officer
1 colonel; post surgeon
1 lieutenant colonel; post chaplain
1 major; post plans and training officer
1 major; post prison and police officer
1 major; post exchange officer
1 captain; post quartermaster
1 captain; assistant post quartermaster and utilities officer
1 captain; post adjutant
1 captain; senior aide-de-camp
1 captain; post signal officer
1 first lieutenant; assistant post adjutant
1 first lieutenant; junior aide-de-camp
1 first lieutenant; assistant post quartermaster and subsistence officer

The noncommissioned staff consists of two warrant officers, some fifteen sergeants, and twenty odd corporals, privates first-class, and privates.

In dollars and cents, this staff costs the taxpayers about $50,000 a year in salaries alone!

In contrast, consider the fact that twenty years ago the staff which ran this same post was numbered as follows:

1 lieutenant colonel; post and regimental commander
1 captain; post and regimental adjutant
1 captain; post and regimental quartermaster
1 major; post surgeon
1 captain; post chaplain, post athletic officer, post welfare officer, post library officer, and secretary of the officers' club. (He still had plenty of time to study his prayer book.)

The Day's Work

What, one may ask, do all these staff officers find to do. Let's take a typical day's routine; almost any day will do.

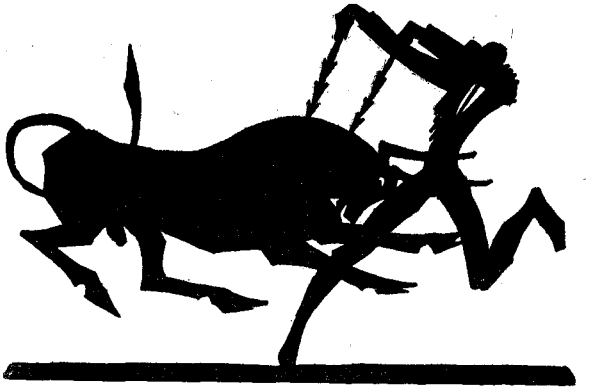
The morning mail arrives at 8:30 A.M. There are, let us say, 50 official letters, including bulletins and copies of routine corps and War Department orders for file in the post files. Thirty-five of those letters will be of a purely routine nature, and the sergeant major will prepare the answers, usually in the form of an indorsement. If the indorsement goes to higher headquarters, it will be prepared for the signature of the executive officer, who signs it *For the Commanding General.* If it goes down, to a lower echelon, the adjutant will sign it, *By Command of Brigadier General Doe.* The indorsements and letters will be ready for signature by 11 o'clock, and will be placed on the adjutant's desk. The adjutant will sign his and take those for the executive's signature to that officer's office across the hall. At 11:30 the adjutant will receive the report of the old officer of the day and relieve him and then the adjutant is ready to go to lunch. He's probably answered the telephone half a dozen times, answered the general's buzzer once or twice with some information the old man wanted. All in all, he's had a hard day's work.

As for the executive, he's in a sweat, too. He's had to sign, we'll say, half a dozen indorsements and two letters, look over and initial a set of charges laid against Private Smith for being drunk on duty, held a lengthy conference with the senior aide about the forthcoming golf match with the general that afternoon, and heard Captain Brown's appeal for a coat of paint on the kitchen walls of his quarters on the row.

At 11:45 A.M. all the officers come by to get their personal mail out of their boxes and initial the bulletin board. They're through for the day. Drill is over at 11:30. After lunch, maybe half of them will piddle around their company orderly rooms for an hour or so; the other half will either go to town, take a well-earned rest on their bunks, play golf, go swimming, or otherwise labor at killing time until dinner.

The police and prison officer goes over to the guardhouse at 8 o'clock. He looks over the work sheet prepared by the provost sergeant, showing just where the 30-odd prisoners are working, what they are doing, how many wagons are on the garbage detail, how many are being used to haul this and that, and the state of health of a bay mare mule named Nellie who was unaccountably droopy yesterday. After that, he's through for the day. He's tired, too.

The post exchange officer goes to the exchange about 9 o'clock, looks to see if the floors have been swept and the showcases dusted (the post exchange is the general store



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operated for the benefit of military personnel). Then he looks over the steward's statement of yesterday's business.

Very likely both the post prison and police officer and the post exchange officer are recent graduates of the Command and General Staff School, where for two years they studied the higher phases of the science of war, moved paper armies across paper terrain, wrote orders for battles that were never fought, and otherwise played hide-and-seek with themselves and their fellow students. When they graduated from this intensive two-year course, which cost the taxpayers between $25,000 and $40,000, someone felt they had certainly earned a rest, so they were thoughtfully detailed to their present jobs.

Of course everyone knows that the provost sergeant really runs the prison and police job and the steward really manages the post exchange. The provost sergeant receives $54 a month and his quarters, and the post exchange steward, who is a civilian and a trained bookkeeper, gets $175 a month — which salaries are just about what the respective jobs are worth. The two majors get approximately $5,000 a year each, in addition to comfortable homes, rent-free, with gas, water, and electricity thrown in for good measure.

As for the chaplain, who gets around $6,000 a year, he holds services in the post chapel every Sunday morning and occasionally sits in for a cup of tea with the ladies' aid society. He's also post library officer, but the library sergeant does the work.

Sitting right at the foot of the throne, as it were, are the two aides-de-camp, a captain and a first lieutenant.

The captain, who is senior aide, gets about $3,600 a year. His principal duties are to act as the general's social secretary and golf stooge, to see that the general gets to the right party at the right time, to stand by his side at dances and receptions and introduce the guests to the great man as they pass through the receiving line.

The junior aide, who is paid around $3,000, acts, unofficially of course, in the same capacity to the general's wife. The junior aide is also secretary of the polo club and inspects the general's mount before it is brought to the general. Both aides are always on tap to make up a foursome at golf or bridge or to accompany the general on rides around the post on his charger. On occasion, he escorts the general's daughter to a ball or walks Mrs. General's pooch. It's a grand (not to say remarkable) life for a soldier.

Boss of the Works

The commanding general himself is, of course, top dog. The soldiers have a nickname for him; they call him Little Jesus. The officers and their wives refer to him respectfully and with bated breath as The C. G. He is surrounded with the pomp and circumstance of a prince of the blood. When he walks or rides abroad, he is accompanied by one or both of his aides-de-camp. No official function starts until he arrives, and the party's over when he leaves. Even at a private party in a private house everyone stands up when he enters a room, and all remain standing — men and women — until the general is graciously pleased to sit or until he leaves the room. When he chooses to inspect some phase of the military activity of the post, everyone stops at his approach and remains standing at attention until he passes on. He speaks first and he speaks last. When he plays golf he tees off first — and he generally wins the match in spite of the handicap of 60 odd years.

He is paid a salary of some $7,000 a year. In addition, there are certain perquisites. He gets the best house on the station, as a matter of course. That is usually a handsome brick dwelling containing some twelve to fifteen rooms and about four baths. There are also quarters for his house servants and a garage for his private car. The government furnishes heat and light and fuel for cooking, and the post greenhouse sends over fresh flowers for his table every morning. (Just why a greenhouse is a necessary adjunct to a military post is a question beyond my merely civilian comprehension to answer.)

The general is furnished with two automobiles, a sedan of a popular make costing about $1,700 and a smaller sedan costing less than $1,000. The government also furnishes drivers, an orderly to sit on the front seat beside the driver and open the doors, and, of course, gas and other upkeep. There are four horses in the general's stables, two for himself and one for each of his aides-de-camp.

In the case of major generals commanding

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corps areas, the perquisites differ in quantity rather than in kind. They have more automobiles and larger houses, and people stand up a little more stiffly when they come into a room. Also, the flags which fly on the front of their automobiles have two stars instead of the one star allowed a brigadier. Their aides are perhaps a fraction more pompous than the aides of a brigadier general. When they come into a post they get thirteen guns instead of a mere eleven.

Get Out the Ax!

It's a nice life for the generals, for the aides-de-camp, the colonels and lieutenant colonels, the majors, and the captains on the staff. But, seriously, it's hard on the taxpayer. And, from a mere businessman's standpoint, it is unnecessarily top-heavy with rank and pay and allowances.

As a conservative estimate, I should say that the administrative overhead of this particular post runs from $75,000 to $100,000 a year more than is really necessary. And, from a purely military standpoint, there is no real justification for the existence of this post at all. Multiply that sum by 100, for the other posts which are equally unnecessary for military and defense purposes, and you've got a sizable sum of money which is being thrown away every year.

I have not drawn an exaggerated picture. The peacetime military establishment has become a victim of that most insidious disease, the creeping paralysis of bureaucracy. Its master minds are imbued with the idea of self-aggrandizement, perpetuation of the system, with all its shibboleths, all its ancient pomp and tradition. Individually, many of them are earnest, sincere men, laboring under the delusion that they are doing an important public work in a highly efficient manner. Almost any army officer will tell you, with very slight provocation, that he is underpaid, scurvily treated in the matter of living quarters and other allowances; that he is overworked and his talents sadly unappreciated by an ungrateful government. He believes it, too.

For all the ills which afflict our army — for, after all, it is *our* army — I can offer no sure-fire panacea. To begin with, though, I'd say we should have a few skeptics and iconoclasts on the military-affairs committees of both House and Senate. They need members who'd take what the General Staff told them with a large grain of salt — and then go out and see for themselves.

I think the enrollment at West Point should be cut down by at least half and that half of all officers commissioned in the army should come from civilian universities and colleges and should have had at least two years business experience before they are taken into the army. When an officer is ready for promotion to the grade of major, make him take a leave of absence without pay for two years and require him to become actively engaged in private business during that time. If he can make his way alone for that length of time without starving to death, he'll be a lot better major. And we'll have more efficient administration in the army.

Retire at least two thirds of the generals now on the active list and don't appoint any more until the need for them is real and urgent. We have five times as many colonels now as we have regiments for them to command. Let them do the generals' jobs or, rather, the jobs which the generals are now doing. The mere act of putting a silver star on a man's shoulder and giving him the title of *General* does not add to his ability, but it does add to the cost of supporting him.

Abandon out-of-hand some 100 or so of our army posts which have no earthly value in our scheme of national defense and concentrate enough soldiers at a few posts to permit of real military training — enough to have full-strength regiments and battalions for the officers to command, to work out their tactical problems, to practice their expensively learned theories.

And, last, let's make what generals are left hire their own social secretaries and get up their golf games as best they may, so the handsome young captains can do some real soldiering.

We Americans don't want a war but we realize that, the world being what it is, we need a regular army to act as a nucleus around which to build if war is forced on us. We should demand that our regular army be both efficient and economical, that it remain our servant rather than become our master.

We don't like our army to refer to us or think of us as "those damned civilians."

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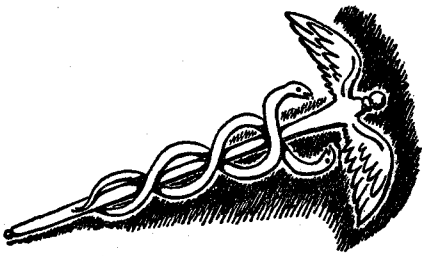
Your Rheumatism



by **FRED C. KELLY**

OF ALL PHYSICAL ills that beset humankind, that force men and women into prolonged disability, unemployment, and discouragement, one disease leads all the rest. Yet it is not the one most of us would guess. As a cause of death it is well down from the top of the list. Diseases of the heart, kidneys, and lungs, these and cancer are the outstanding killers; but no one of them is the greatest cause of distress and suffering. The ailment that most persistently disables the greatest number of people, the most common single cause of chronic illness, is rheumatism.

A recent house-to-house survey in representative sections of Massachusetts by the State Department of Health — one of the most painstaking investigations of the kind yet made — indicated 140,000 victims of rheumatism in a population of 4,380,000, 1 person in every 10 who had reached the age of 40. There were twice as many cases of rheumatism as of heart ailments, 6 times as many as of tuberculosis, and 15 times as many as of cancer. Samplings of the United States as a whole tell a similar story of the prevalence of rheumatism, of the vast number of helpless people for which it is responsible. The Veterans' Bureau at Washington reports more than $10,000,000 paid during 1936 in pensions to veterans for chronic joint disease. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company estimates annual loss in wages because of rheumatism at nearly $250,000,000. From 10 to 20 per cent of the benefits granted for total disability in European countries are to sufferers from chronic rheumatism. This malady was third on the list of all diseases, either chronic or acute, for which industrial workers in Great Britain during one year consulted physicians.

Now, the term *rheumatism* as commonly used takes in much territory. It is applied to muscles, tendons, and ligaments as well as to joints. But at least nine tenths of all rheumatic cases are of stiffened joints, and physicians call this arthritis. Injuries, strain, and specific infection, as from gonorrhea, account for a relatively few arthritis cases, but the overwhelming majority fall into two general classifications: (1) rheumatoid or "chronic infectious" arthritis and (2) osteoarthritis.

The first starts with inflammation in the tissues about the joint; the second has its onset more in degeneration of the joint itself. But the important thing is that rheumatoid arthritis strikes people at *any* age (most often between 20 and 40) and is abnormal; it is not caused by natural, inevitable processes of advancing age, and, if we knew enough about its causes, it could be avoided. It might be wiped out, as yellow fever was. Yet more than half of all rheumatic cases are of this variety, and it includes most of the worst cases, the wheel-chair and bed-ridden victims. A peculiarity is that it strikes women more often than men — nearly half again as often. Though common in temperate zones all over the world, almost never does it occur in tropical climates. Moreover, there is less susceptibility to it toward the north or south pole. Cold, damp, changeable climates seem to be the ones to avoid.

Though no one ever has rheumatoid arthritis *normally*, every one of us, if he lives long enough, may expect to have osteoarthritis, the old-age variety, in greater or less degree. In distinction from the rheumatoid type, it affects men more than women. Like gray hair, it is a sign of the aging of body tissues. Regardless of locality or climate, we seldom escape a touch of it after 50; but this does not always mean that it will become severe enough to give seri-

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ous discomfort. Sometimes joint changes are greater than might be expected, because physical age exceeds age measured by years. It is a good physician's job to try to find out what are the more important accelerating causes — to discover anything and everything which might impair the general health. This applies to either of the two general types of rheumatism. The pain is usually reduced when the general health is better. Sometimes the answer is fairly simple — possibly only a diet deficiency or constipation — but more often it is a combination of hidden ailments rather than just one.

Neglected Sufferers

Important as it is to get rid of arthritis, especially the abnormal kind, medical men know altogether too little about its causes. Yet they have had a long time in which to find out, for stiffening of the joints is not something new. Examination of fossil remains has demonstrated the existence of chronic arthritis among vertebrates long before recorded history. The ape man of the Pliocene age had it 1,800,000 years ago, as did the neolithic man only 25,000 years back. Study of mummies has shown that the predynastic Nubians and Egyptians had plenty of "rheumatics," also the North American Indians long before the white folks came. At any rate, indications are that the nature of the disease has not changed much in the last 8,000 years. Yet no physician is able to tell what causes the commonest variety of stiffened joints.

The most shocking fact, however, is that the average practitioner, when consulted by a rheumatic patient, does not have even the knowledge that is *available*. Though no one knows exactly what causes rheumatoid arthritis, a good deal is known about what to do for it. And it is far more responsive to treatment than is generally believed. Under proper care many cases can be completely cured, especially in the earlier stages, and *most* patients can be restored to a more comfortable and useful life.

The great mistake frequently made by physicians as well as by patients is to assume that there must be some single cause. A patient would like to think that he can be cured by removing an infected tooth or by applying heat to the afflicted joints or by use of a vaccine; but effective treatment is rarely as simple as that. To use one remedy aimed at a single cause only raises false hopes. The best results are obtained when the physician proceeds as if he had said: "I don't know what causes your arthritis and I'm sure no one else would know. But it is reasonable to believe there must be a loss of balance between resistance and disease. We'll try to improve *everything* that may be expected to help your general resistance to whatever is causing the trouble."

As one competent specialist expressed it:

> When there's a train wreck, because of a bad switch, the remedy is not merely to repair that switch but to find out what is wrong with the whole railway system that permitted so faulty a switch to remain undiscovered.

The tragedy of the situation is, however, that the necessary kind of treatment, requiring the best scientific knowledge available, may be long-drawn-out, lasting for weeks and months, and hence is bound to be expensive. But rheumatoid arthritis is most prevalent among those in the lower economic classes, the very persons least able to stand the expense. There is a desperate need for free sanitariums, State institutions specializing in treatment of arthritis — institutions such as there are for patients suffering from tuberculosis or mental diseases. In the entire United States there is not one institution for free treatment of arthritis. Sweden, with her highly developed social sense, has four of them provided by the government, besides special wards in general hospitals. Public hospitals in the United States do take an occasional rheumatic patient, but seldom are they organized to use all the latest scientific knowledge. Furthermore, pressure on their space to care for operative cases and for more acute ailments is too great to give rheumatic sufferers what they need.

In the clinics and hospitals where the best possible treatment can be carried out, the charge for a preliminary study of a case may easily be $100, and the daily cost will hardly be less than $10. Hence, if the disease hangs on for several months, even though showing gradual improvement, the expense for the average patient may be prohibitive.

When young children have arthritis they usually can get free treatment, for the pathos of a disabled child appeals to almost everyone, and many hospitals for crippled children have been well endowed. (Indeed, such hospitals

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sometimes engage in keen competition for patients, as those employed in them naturally wish to make it plain that their jobs are necessary.) But, when an adult without much money is forced into unemployment by chronic arthritis, he is decidedly out of luck. The doctor hates to see such a patient come into his office. Even if he knows how to treat him, which he may not, he at least is aware that effective treatment will require considerable time.

Arousing Public Opinion

Why is so little done to care for victims of the most disabling of all chronic diseases? The explanation is not hard to find.

Man is a selfish animal and is less inclined to behave decently toward his fellows when worthy deeds do not obviously coincide with self-interest. If arthritis were contagious, we should undoubtedly have plenty of public hospitals in which to combat it. We co-operatively fight tuberculosis because we know each uncared-for victim is a danger to *us*. We are willing to pay to have the insane properly looked after lest some of them run amuck. We may even become reconciled to a tax for slum clearance if convinced that unsanitary buildings are a possible menace to the health of the community. But it is not quite so evident, when millions are prevented, by a noncontagious disease, from supporting themselves, that there is a serious social loss by no means confined to the immediate victims and their families. We do not yet perceive that we *all* lose and that in one way or another we all must pay.

There is reason to believe a changed public opinion about rheumatism may not be far off. It is a world problem about which something ought to be done, and, luckily, something is being done. Since 1924, twenty European countries have been represented in an International League against Rheumatism, with headquarters in Amsterdam; and in 1928 a Committee for the Control of Rheumatism was formed in the United States to co-operate with the League in Europe. At first the American committee was composed entirely of physicians, but more recently it was reorganized into an association which includes laymen — though they are careful to exclude anyone having vaccines or other "cures" to sell. The purpose of this American association is not only to promote study and research but to acquaint all members of the medical profession in this country with more facts about rheumatism, to have them understand that there is no reason, even with only the present store of knowledge, why doctor or patient should regard an arthritis case as hopeless. When enough doctors are aware that most patients may be greatly helped if not cured, then perhaps better facilities will be provided for treatment.

Battles in the Laboratory

Even if they knew a specific cause for chronic arthritis, physicians would continue to study the relation of the disease to the whole system and to treat the "total personality" just as they do now, for there would still be the problem of why the primary cause, if there is one, should operate on one person more than on another. That was true of tuberculosis. After the discovery of the tubercular bacillus, no radical changes came in method of treatment. Rest and other methods for improving the bodily resistance are still of greatest importance. Doctors have never learned exactly what is responsible for measles, smallpox, or chicken pox, and yet they have greatly enlarged their knowledge of how to treat them.

Meanwhile a tremendous amount of research is being carried on to try to find every possible correlation between cause and effect.

For a long time there has been wide acceptance of a theory that a main cause of rheumatoid arthritis must be some kind of infection which attacks the joints. At first it was thought this infection was bacterial, but the trend of opinion since has been toward the belief that such infection is not from any known organism. More recently there is much to suggest that if there is infection it is not bacterial, not from any living organisms, but from some kind of chemical virus. None of these theories, however, has been proved. Painstaking researchers in well-known endowed institutions have tried injecting serums from arthritic patients into rabbits and guinea pigs, but positive proof one way or another is still lacking. Possibly there is no single cause.

Doctors have tried to effect cures by yanking out infected teeth or tonsils. But the fact remains that, though many persons having such focal infections suffer from rheumatism, many others with worse infections escape it. One person improves after removal of teeth or

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tonsils, but others fail to improve, and there have been numerous cases where the patients promptly grew worse. Though it may possibly be true that a man with bad tonsils is in greater than average danger of rheumatoid arthritis, the disease is just as much an enigma as before all the stress on focal infection.

Yet interesting correlations have been noted. A majority of rheumatoid arthritis patients are likely to be slender, shallow-chested — while the old-age variety of arthritis seems to be more severe among the short and stout. There is a frequent tendency to anemia. The influence of climate has already been mentioned. Difficulty of adjustment to temperature changes shows in simple tests. Move an arthritic and a normal person from one room to another in which the temperature is ten degrees higher or lower, and the surface temperature of the arthritic will be the slower to change.

Rheumatic fever, which appears to be closely related to rheumatoid arthritis, rarely occurs in parts of the South. Studies in New Orleans, Oklahoma City, and in Florida disclosed that the disease was uncommon in those localities. In and about Tucson, Arizona, few white people have arthritis, and Indians there have it less than do those elsewhere. However, to go South from a less favorable climate is not always helpful unless the patient has a proper routine of living and co-ordinated treatment. One should not depend on climate alone. The onset of the affliction is most frequently in late winter and early spring. According to the Massachusetts study, there are more cases in the country than in the city. This is also true in Sweden.

Though the very rich are by no means immune to arthritis, the most numerous cases are among people whose poverty makes it impossible for them to live in sanitary buildings, to have an adequate diet, or to pay for good dentistry and for expert medical care. In English schools for poor children, rheumatic fever is common, but in schools for children of the upper classes it is almost unknown. At Eton, a school of 1,100, only one rheumatic-fever case was reported in 17 years, though in the same town, among children in the elementary schools, such cases occurred frequently.

Many studies have been made to try to show definite connection between chronic arthritis and poor circulation, improper diet, nervous conditions, and what not. But the most that can be said is that the evidence points to a combination of physical causes rather than to one cause alone. It has even been suggested that chronic arthritis is not a disease at all but only a symptom.

Mental Factors

Research has not been confined to physical investigation. Many studies have been made in the expectation of showing that the causes of arthritis may be largely emotional or, at any rate, that the disease cannot be properly treated without giving full consideration to the emotional side of the entire personality.

We of course have plenty of evidence every day of the relation of the emotions to bodily conditions. Even mild worry at mealtime can hinder digestion and set up a physical disturbance to cause still more worry. Grief, fear, or other emotions start changes in the bodily mechanisms regulating distribution of sugar, calcium, or other constitutents, fluid retention, blood circulation, and nervous activity. It is not always easy to tell what is cause and what is effect; but physicians are more and more inclined to examine the emotional and physical situation as a whole. Two doctors at one of the biggest hospitals in New York, one a medical man, the other a psychiatrist, have been working together on a study of arthritis, each trying to influence the other regarding the relative importance of physical and emotional data. But they say it may be several years before they can anounce proved facts.

A number of psychiatrists believe susceptibility to arthritis may be influenced by emotional situations in early childhood. Other studies have been made of groups of patients in whom the onset of the disease came soon after a serious grief, financial difficulty, or some other mental disturbance. This would be natural enough and not peculiar to arthritis. Tuberculosis or other ills sometimes follow a period of worry that has lowered the general resistance of an individual. Many psychiatrists insist that a tendency to arthritis is increased by any emotional problems which make it difficult for a person to adjust himself to life, *including adjustment to temperature or weather changes*. This, they say, is why there is less arthritis where weather is less variable. These same psychiatrists have their own explanation,

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also, for the high incidence of arthritis in the lower economic strata. They declare it is because poverty adds to the difficulty of adapting oneself to unhappy situations. A man with little money cannot easily get away from an unsatisfactory environment.

Whatever is finally proved, it seems fairly certain that in treatment of arthritis there may be greater effort in the future to examine into emotional as well as physical factors.

What Treatment Will Work?

After a competent doctor has determined, by X ray, blood tests, and other means, what kind of rheumatism a patient has, he makes a through examination and an intensive study to try to find out if there are such aggravating causes as mechanical defect in a joint from overuse or strain, local infection, intestinal disturbance, poor circulation, abnormal blood pressure, nutritional deficiency, weakness from previous illness, lack of rest, fatigue, or abnormal mental strain.

The treatment itself may again be compared to that for tuberculosis. It isn't the cough itself or the painful joint that must alone be treated but the entire system. Just as in tuberculosis, too, complete rest is usually emphasized as of prime importance. Most patients with any type of chronic arthritis have the idea, often obtained from a doctor, that continuous activity is wise, to prevent stiffening of the joints. But the most competent doctors insist on mild exercise and massage for the joints while the patient is getting general rest in bed.

Many patients have been accustomed to poorly balanced diets. The main thing is to get plenty of vitamin-containing foods without too many starches and sugars. "Joints hate starches and sweets." It used to be that rheumatics were forbidden to eat meat, but the idea that meat is harmful is now discarded.

A large number of patients have been led to place too much hope in local or general application of heat. This is useful for loosening joints and improving local circulation, but it is only one phase of the general treatment. Patients have been told also that they can be thrown into a fever which will kill the infecting organisms and thus put an end to their troubles. But, since it is not even known that a specific infection is the cause, there is no proof that killing any organisms present will effect a cure. Sometimes an artificially created fever does seem helpful, but doctors do not know exactly why.

Numerous vaccines intended for treatment of rheumatoid arthritis are on the market, each with the claim that it has a specific effect; but here again, if the cause of the disease is unknown, obviously there can be no "specific" vaccine. Other vaccines, not aimed at any organism in particular but intended to improve the general fighting quality of the blood against disease, are accepted as probably useful. Doctors whose work has proved most successful have used vaccines as only part of a general treatment, rather than as a main reliance. A patient may well be suspicious of a doctor who promises to cure him by use of vaccines alone. Drugs seem to be the least important of all. Those doctors who use them only as a temporary means to relieve pain do so with no expectation that they will contribute importantly toward a cure.

This much is certain: Regardless of which part of a treatment has been most essential, it is *possible* to cure even obstinate cases of the most serious type of arthritis. It is also possible greatly to ameliorate the condition of other patients who are not entirely cured. This is especially true if treatment is undertaken within six months after the disease becomes troublesome.

One study of a large group showed that 82 per cent of all treatments begun within 6 months were successful. Other patients have been cured after years of helplessness. I know of a case where the patient was restored to activity after being disabled for 18 years. There are few chronic ills for which more can be done. Yet many physicians, through lack of knowledge or unwillingness to make a sufficiently thorough study of each case, have sent patients away in the depths of despair. I recall another patient who failed to show improvement after his tonsils were removed and who was told by his physician there was nothing more to be done for him. But something could have been done, and later it was.

The saddest phase of the whole chronic-arthritis situation is that the prolonged treatment leading to a cure is too expensive for the majority of those most likely to need it. In the richest country on earth, thousands who could be useful citizens are helpless cripples from the lack of money to cure them.

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The Civil Liberties Union: Political or Nonpartisan?

A Debate

I—A Subversive Organization

***by* HAROLD LORD VARNEY**

SOMETHING MORE than a reactionary gesture is to be seen in the recent insistence of the Society of Mayflower Descendants that Bishop Benjamin Brewster withdraw from the American Civil Liberties Union. The action was symptomatic of a state of mind which is becoming increasingly general among nonradical Americans. Those reflecting this state of mind are firmly convinced that the Union, despite its democratic protestations, is linked to the subversive forces in American life.

Admittedly, many of the sponsors whose names Mr. Baldwin conspicuously displays on his letterheads are mild liberals whom it would be preposterous to describe as revolutionists. But the important question with any organization is not its list of sponsors, but its actual controlling group. Those who question the good faith of the A.C.L.U. are convinced that the nonradicals on its letterheads are little more than window dressing for the actual administrators. While technically they may be consulted, the final decisions, it is believed, are always shaped and controlled by Mr. Baldwin and his personal circle. And Mr. Baldwin has clearly stated his personal objective in his recent declaration that "communism is the goal."

Let us examine the indictment which has been drawn against the A.C.L.U.

First of all, we discover a fundamental disagreement between the Union and its disbelievers on the nature of civil liberty. While it is the glib habit of Mr. Baldwin and his publicists to suggest that all those who condemn the A.C.L.U. are antilibertarians and hardened trail blazers for fascism, it is necessary to point out that the Baldwinites have no monopoly on the cause of liberty.

What do we mean by *civil liberty?* The essential point to be kept in mind is that all liberty — in the flesh-and-blood world — is limited and conditioned by the general good. Society has found it necessary to safeguard the general interest against its antisocial minorities, by putting restraints on the liberty of those minorities. In practice, the limits of possible individual liberty are determined by the folkways of the people, which, in turn, find official expression in our codes of law and our processes of judicial interpretation.

It is here that the A.C.L.U. enters its disclaimer. It is the contention of Mr. Baldwin and his co-workers that such judicial processes do not adequately protect the "rights" of nonconformist minorities which are out of sympathy with the prevailing folkways. Hence they insist that an American civil-liberties union is necessary to act as a sort of public defender of the nonconformists.

It is inescapable that such a proposal should strike many Americans as repugnant. A body of private and self-selected individuals, the A.C.L.U. proposes to thrust its own interpretation of civil liberty on the rest of us. It unctuously proposes to redress the balance in favor of the minority interests and against the majority. Implicit in such a program is the threat that the A.C.L.U., by becoming a partisan of minority groups whose purposes are harmful to the general interest, may turn civil liberty into an antisocial sword. Instead of a redressal of the balance, the inevitable result is a new imbalance in which the welfare of the many is subordinated to the aggrandizement of the few.

The sheer incongruity of such a program of organized special pleading was recognized by

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Mr. Baldwin himself when he scoffed at the recent attempt of the American Liberty League to set up a rival committee of lawyers to defend its right-wing conception of civil liberty. Apparently, civil liberty, to the A.C.L.U. mind, is a question of *Which minority?*

Against this A.C.L.U. concept, its opponents insist on the paramount importance of the interest of the conforming majority. Liberals who applaud every victory of Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Hays as a triumph for the underdog forget that such triumphs are frequently purchased at the price of a dangerous weakening in the stability of the present social order. The continuous offensive of the A.C.L.U. against those who are trying to make the present system work and its defense of every organized band of social wreckers leads not to liberty but to Caesarism. Freedom's true friends are those who recognize that the majority can be free only when subverters are made innocuous.

II

However, it is the conviction of many liberal Americans that the A.C.L.U. is nevertheless a useful organization because its interventions have a restraining influence on illiberal officials who would otherwise disregard the bill of rights. It is true that there are dark spots on the civil-liberties map which the Union has courageously challenged. But even this service cannot be pleaded in extenuation of the general influence of the organization. Unhappily, the good which the A.C.L.U. may accomplish in checking the excess of the oppressive official is counterbalanced by the harm of its encouragement of the lawlessness of the nonconformist.

Only those who accept the thesis of revolution can see social good in rebellious disorder. The balance, in any society, however equitable, is a delicate and fragile thing. Every social order exists on the smoldering crater of a volcano. What prevents the latent discontent of minorities from flaming into violence is the restraining influence of law. The knowledge that a powerful defense body, with its lawyers and its bail money, is prepared to spring to their support emboldens disorderly elements. They create incidents which would otherwise be inhibited. These incidents, in turn, provoke the very acts of police and judicial excess which are then cited as the proof of the need of a civil-liberties union.

There is that often quoted letter of Mr. Baldwin to Fred H. Merrick, Pittsburgh communist leader, written on May 6, 1922, in which he advised:

> I should think we ought to do what we did in a small way in the days after the steel strike, namely, send in some well-known outsiders to make speeches or hold meetings at forbidden points and get themselves well arrested.

This exhibits the A.C.L.U. not merely as the redresser but as the inciter of disorder. In a literal sense it can be said that the A.C.L.U. invites its own "oppression."

An even graver accusation against the A.C.L.U. is the familiar charge that its controlling officers are interested in the civil-liberties cause primarily as a tactical weapon to be used to aid anticapitalist revolution. Concededly, there are many among the A.C.L.U. supporters who cannot be included in such an indictment. Others have given unfortunate point to the charge.

In this respect Mr. Baldwin himself is the worst offender. By allying the A.C.L.U. with the American League for Peace and Democracy (an organization so undisguisedly communist that even the Socialist Party withdrew in protest), he has weakened the presumption that the Union is neutral with regard to communism.* Mr. Baldwin himself is a national executive committeeman of the League, and Dr. Harry F. Ward, National Chairman of the Union, doubles in brass as National Chairman of the League. In the revealing controversy between Stalinism and Trotskyism, which turns to a large extent on the issue of civil liberties in Russia, it is significant that Mr. Baldwin has not lifted his voice in condemnation of the Moscow trials and that neither Dr. Ward, Mr. Hays, nor he is listed as a member of Dr. Dewey's American Committee for the Defense of Leon Trotsky. While it may be argued that Mr. Baldwin, as the director of an American organization, has no call to take a position on this Russian controversy, it is interesting to remember that he permitted no such interdict to restrain him in 1930 when he visited the Soviet Union and wrote a book largely lauda-

* *Mr. Earl Browder in his book* Communism in the United States (*Int. Publ. 1934*) *describes the League as the key point in the whole communist "united front" movement.*

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tory of Stalinite civil-liberties policies. That he is now silent indicates strategy rather than reticence.

Admittedly, Mr. Baldwin is not the whole American Civil Liberties Union. But his position is so pivotal in the organization that no admissible line can be drawn between his personal policies and those of the Union. He was its originator and founder. He has been its director since the beginning. His personal views have long been known to the A.C.L.U. members and to the general public. If his pro-communism were abhorrent to the A.C.L.U. membership, is it conceivable that he would not, long since, have been supplanted?

In repudiation of the charge of communist inclination, the A.C.L.U. protests that it has also defended the free speech rights of Nazis and the Ku Klux Klan. This rejoinder can be dismissed as polemic eyewash. There have been only two such instances chronicled among the hundreds of cases noted in the last four annual reports of the Union. Mr. Baldwin would have been less than intelligent if, in the direction of a purportedly nonpartisan organization, he had not included at least two such precedents to streamline his record. Unfortunately, his own written words dispel the supposition that such interventions were motivated solely by idealism. He wrote, in *Soviet Russia Today* (September, 1934):

> I champion civil liberty as the best of the nonviolent means of building the power on which workers' rule must be based. If I aid the reactionaries to get free speech now and then, if I go outside the class struggle to fight against censorship, it is only because those liberties help to create a more hospitable atmosphere for working class liberties.

From a consideration of these typical facts it is difficult to escape the conclusion that the indictment of the patriotic society against the A.C.L.U. is justifiable. In such a period as the present, when class war issues darken our national life, Americans must inescapably take their sides — for or against the forces which are encouraging proletarian revolution. In this conflict, the controllers of the A.C.L.U. have clearly indicated their partisanship. They must be regarded as fellow marchers in the subversive army.

II—Or a Subversive Critic?

by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

MR. VARNEY'S article suffers from two defects. He doesn't seem to know much about American democracy and he doesn't seem to know anything about the American Civil Liberties Union.

He brings a double charge against the Union. The first is that the Union "proposes to thrust its own interpretation of civil liberty on the rest of us." The second is that this interpretation is itself not sincere but is merely a "tactical weapon to be used to aid anticapitalist revolution" by Roger Baldwin, Harry F. Ward, Arthur Garfield Hays, and a few others who are alleged to dominate the organization.

The innuendo in the first-mentioned phrase is that the A.C.L.U. has some occult theory of civil liberty different from the generally accepted one — or at least different from Mr. Varney's. But the A.C.L.U. platform is essentially the same as the bill of rights. The A.C.L.U. exists for the purpose of aiding in the defense of these constitutional rights against the lawless acts of mobs or local authorities such as Mayor Hague of Jersey City.

The A.C.L.U. theory of civil liberty does not differ in the least from the generally accepted one. I think, however, that it may differ a good deal from Mr. Varney's, if one may judge from his activities and utterances. These, he says, have been unkindly characterized elsewhere as those of a "hardened trail blazer for fascism." I sympathize with his objections to such disparagement. But the facts remain that from 1927 to 1933 he was Managing Director of the Italian Historical Society, an organization engaged in fascist propaganda; that in

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1933 he was decorated by Mussolini a Cavaliere of the Crown of Italy — a fact surely as relevant to the present discussion as if Roger Baldwin had been decorated with the Order of Lenin (which, had it occurred, Mr. Varney will admit he would not have failed to mention); and that from 1933 to 1936 he was assisted by the avowed fascist, Lawrence Dennis, in editing *The Awakener*, in which he himself wrote of fascism as follows:

> Without an understanding of this spiritual reservoir which Fascism has tapped, how may we understand its miracle of marching millions of youths and boys, black-shirted and brown-shirted, who with one Olympian gesture have obliterated Liberalism, Socialism, and Communism simultaneously from the face of the two most highly cultured nations in the world?

Liberalism is the term commonly employed for the philosophy of civil liberty, and Mr. Varney here rejoices in its "obliteration." Obviously some further clarification of his position is needed. One judges that he is not willing, like Mr. Dennis, to be called a fascist; perhaps some such term as *Mussolinian democrat* would please him better, as expressing what is evidently a very highly complex attitude.

Mr. Varney does not bring up for criticism a *single one* of the activities of the *organization*. The A.C.L.U. now has important branches in many States and, taking the whole country into consideration, has innumerable special committees on free speech, free press, free assembly, law enforcement in strikes, fair trials, deportations, race equality, academic liberty, censorship, and allied topics. It has, as Mr. Varney mentions, defended many cases through its lawyers; it has put out protests and petitions; it has published a great number of valuable pamphlets on special issues. And yet Mr. Varney does not cite a single instance in which the Union has condoned lawless violence or incitement to violence. Surely a strange record for a subversive organization.

Instead, Mr. Varney conducts his attack by a method which in itself betrays his complete alienation from American democratic ideas. He first identifies a nationwide organization with a few leaders in the East and then identifies these leaders with a few minor activities or utterances of theirs. Apparently, he would refuse to allow these members of the A.C.L.U. the right to have any personal opinions unconnected with the organization. In addition, he misrepresents the opinions which they do hold.

II

LET US TURN to those specific officers of the Union against whom Mr. Varney inveighs.

Arthur Garfield Hays, the Union's leading attorney, has repeatedly made plain, by unequivocal statements both in his books and on the public platform, that he believes firmly in capitalism — a personal opinion which Mr. Varney neglects to mention. The only definite charge made against Mr. Hays by Mr. Varney is that he is not a member of the American Committee for the Defense of Leon Trotsky!

Against Dr. Harry F. Ward, chairman of the A.C.L.U. and professor of theology in Union Theological Seminary, there are two charges: He is not a member of the Defense Committee and he is an officer of the American League for Peace and Democracy, whose membership is open to communists. Again we have the assumption that one cannot work with others for a specific purpose without agreeing with them in every other purpose. Mr. Varney would probably deny that any communist could sincerely desire world peace, but one would think that he might at least concede that privilege to a professor of Christian theology.

Finally, there is the diabolical Roger Baldwin, to whom Mr. Varney devotes nearly half his article. Mr. Baldwin, in addition to not being a member of the Defense Committee and to being a member of the American League, according to Mr. Varney "in 1930 visited the Soviet Union and wrote a book largely laudatory of Stalinite civil-liberties policies."

One may charitably assume that Mr. Varney has never seen the book in question. *Liberty Under the Soviets* (published in 1928, not 1930) was a dispassionate account of every phase of liberty and lack of liberty in Russia. Its report might be considered favorable as to the amount of *economic* liberty and security which Mr. Baldwin thought he found at that time in Russia, but in numerous passages he explicitly condemned the Stalinist civil-liberties policy. The only passage approaching laudation is one in which he said he had seen worse prisons elsewhere, adding, however, immediately:

> In pointing out such differences, I do not minimize the evils of Russian prisons, nor do I extenuate

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the regime's policy in locking up so many men and women without a trial or hearing, most of them innocent of any real offense.

The reader will not be surprised to learn that Mr. Varney's quotation from Mr. Baldwin that "communism is the goal" has been torn from its context. The statement was made in partial answer to a questionnaire sent out by Mr. Baldwin's class at Harvard, in which the recipient was asked to set forth his personal social philosophy. Mr. Baldwin used the term *communism* not, as the casual reader would infer from Mr. Varney's quotation, in a political or party sense but simply in its generic meaning of a "classless society."

The position of the A.C.L.U. and its officers has been from the beginning perfectly clear and consistent. The A.C.L.U. is unalterably opposed to any system of government which would suppress civil rights in America, whether that system be called communistic, fascistic, or any other name. At the same time, the A.C.L.U. (in common with the United States Supreme Court) holds that the civil right of free speech includes the right to advocate any system of government whatsoever, the worst as well as the best. We cannot defend free speech by suppressing the kind of free speech we do not like. When it comes to action, that is quite another matter; a democratic government will of course defend itself against any attempt to overthrow it by force and violence. But, as long as it is a real democracy, it must permit free discussion. That is the traditional American position. It has always been the position of the A.C.L.U. and it will remain its position in spite of misconceptions and deliberate misinterpretations.

III—Rebuttal by Mr. Varney

IT IS SUPERFICIAL to pretend that we can simplify the question of the Civil Liberties Union by describing it as a disinterested defender of our first ten constitutional amendments. For the whole controversy between the Union and its opponents hinges on not acceptance but interpretation of the bill of rights. The lawyers of the American Liberty League, whom I mentioned, based their defense of an entirely different social philosophy from that of Mr. Baldwin and Dr. Ward on the safeguards of this same bill of rights.

It is inaccurate to say that the A.C.L.U. position is the "traditional American position." The only official body which has the right to define a traditional American position is our Supreme Court, and practically all the work of the A.C.L.U. in the higher courts has been directed toward the scrapping of the "traditional" decisions of the Court in civil-liberties cases and their replacement by new "liberal" reinterpretations which will widen the permitted activities of radical propagandists. In their zeal to hasten such reinterpretations of the bill of rights many of the A.C.L.U. leaders even supported the Supreme Court packing plan of unholy memory.

My opponent has devoted some space to a discussion of my own "complex attitude." I am a believer in the American free-enterprise system and in its preservability in this country. I have never advocated fascism for America. At the same time, I am realistic enough to believe that western Europe, faced by the overhanging glacier of Russian communism and the terrific Russian birth rate, has unique problems which must be worked out in other ways than ours. To the extent to which muddled "liberals" play Moscow's game by supporting a "united front" with the communists, I shall condemn them as I did in the quoted *Awakener* article. I reject the idea that there is any one universal pattern of government.

The Italian Historical Society was not "engaged in fascist propaganda." Its interests were primarily cultural and social. The Italian decoration was given me not by Mussolini but by the King of Italy and was conferred for intellectual and not political work.

All of which is beside the point that the Civil Liberties Union, by coddling the growth of subversive propaganda movements, is hastening the day when people — not Varney — may turn to desperate countermovements which will confront us with the same tragic dilemma which now darkens Europe.

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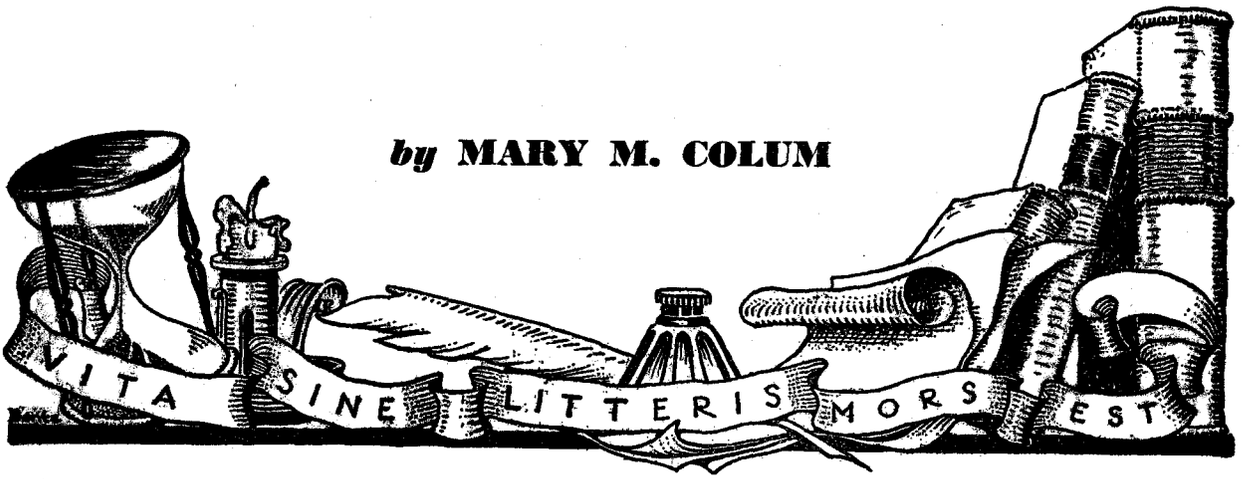
Life and Literature

*The Individual vs. Society**



by **MARY M. COLUM**

If, as has been said, the essential element in tragedy is waste, the waste of human intelligence and human emotion, then *The Caissons Roll*, by Hanson W. Baldwin, is an exposition of tremendous tragedy — an exposition, one says, because the tragedy has not yet been enacted and there is hope that it may yet be averted. Some time in the 1940's, the expert who is the author of this book concludes, Europe is likely to find herself at war, and what this means to civilization is something one can hardly bear to think about. The bulk of us in this Western Hemisphere belong to that European stock and to that European civilization, and everything on earth will be done to make us take part in that disaster.

What European civilization has meant to the world need not be enlarged on. I am among those who have never believed very heartily in Oriental civilization and Oriental wisdom, sometimes lauded as superior to the Western. A great deal of it is too remote from life, is but a contempt for life, whereas European civilization, European art and literature, when the worst against them has been said, have always stood for praise of life, for the profound living of life, and for human dignity.

This Western Hemisphere has inherited that European tradition, and some of the inheritors have always believed it their business to help to defend, in Europe, European civilization. But how, one asks, can it be defended when it is Europe herself that is bent on its destruction?

The Caissons Roll is a report by an expert on the military situation in present-day Europe, a report all the more frightening because it is so little emotionalized. Hanson W. Baldwin tells us of the preparations that are being made in practically every country in Europe for an offensive or a defensive war. What emphasizes the tragedy, what gives the sense of waste, is the magnificence of that effort — courage, imagination, invention, self-sacrifice, intellect, all the great human attributes, go into this vast effort that is being made in the name of patriotism or racial destiny. Contemplating that effort, not only nations but individuals are exalted: what they are contemplating is, to a great extent, the triumph of human heroism but a human heroism that is turned toward the destruction of men and their possessions, because war seems to be the inescapable end of it all.

When Hanson W. Baldwin describes some of the visible and tangible effects of this tremendous effort his readers cannot help being impressed as by a work of Titans — the fleets of airplanes; the battleships; the submarines; the fearsome engines of destruction, gases and cannons and projectiles; the Maginot line, with

* Editor's Note: — *The recent books discussed by Mrs. Colum in this article are:* The Caissons Roll, *by Hanson W. Baldwin* (*Knopf, $2.50*); A Vision, *by William Butler Yeats* (*Macmillan, $3.50*); Starting Point, *by Cecil Day Lewis* (*Harper, $2.50*); The Pasquier Chronicles, *by Georges Duhamel, translated by Béatrice de Holtoir* (*Holt, $3.50*); Harvest Comedy, *by Frank Swinnerton* (*Doubleday, Doran, $2.50*); I Live Under a Black Sun, *by Edith Sitwell* (*Doubleday, Doran, $2.50*).

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its amazing strength, its skilled construction, that defends France from Germany; the great navy of England; the new armaments in Germany; that exhibition of the power of the old Roman empire in Italy; the routes of attack mapped out by the German staff for advance east and west; the forging of arms for all nations in the Skoda armament plant. Can it really be that the dominant effort in society is toward the destruction of humanity?

This book is never eloquent, and the writing is frequently below the level of its theme, but it gives the sense of fatefulness. We must read it to know the facts and try to make up our minds what is to be done in the few years before the crisis that means war and utter destruction. Hanson W. Baldwin has the ability to see Europe as from a height from which the rivers and mountains appear as the makers of nations and the barriers against which nations must continue to hurl themselves. But why should the configuration of a continent be a present barrier to unity when men can tunnel under rivers and scale the air over mountains? An obsession that belongs to other times keeps Europeans from recognizing their continent as a common fatherland. Can nothing be done, we exclaim as we read this fateful and fearful book, to divert the moral effort that goes into armaments, to sublimate it into enriching the great Western civilization instead of destroying it?

Are Writers Inciters to War?

A while ago I was asked to recommend for a mental patient a few contemporary novels in which there would be no talk of war, as the patient's condition had been brought about through suffering connected with the last war. I had real difficulty in thinking of even one.

One cannot help wondering if all this concern with war in books is not going to be a factor in bringing about the catastrophe by making it an obsessive mood. A few years ago at the International Peace Congress in Paris the Belgian delegate to the League of Nations assured us that among the chief inciters to war were the *gens de plume*. It looks actually as if we were being written into a war, and the most urgent communication that I have had for some time from any of the writers' organizations was a demand to know my attitude with regard to the war in Spain.

This, asks the document addressed to a group of writers, "is the question we would have you answer:"

> Are you for or are you against Franco and Fascism? Are you for or are you against the legal government and the people of Republican Spain? We desire to print your answer; we desire the whole country to know what is felt by the most sensitive instruments of the national life — you American writers?

Why should it be the business of a writers' league to make any such inquisition, turning itself into a sort of Gestapo? Is not this an attempt at regimentation of opinion on this particular issue? Was not this the sort of thing that put Americans into the war in 1917? *Are you for or are you against the rape of Belgium?* — one remembers that question. And, as for writers being the most sensitive instruments of the national life, the bulk of them have no more sensitiveness than drummers, taxi drivers, or waiters. The bulk of the *gens de plume*, we should say from experience, are hard-working people who lead rather dull lives, who have not a great sense of proportion or knowledge of the world, who are easily enough imposed on by salesmen of ideologies which can offer them any emotion or any intellectual agitation, any easy way to get over the ennui, the disappointment that assail many of them toward middle age — especially those who in their youth engaged in the pursuit of none of the causes natural to youth and who in any case cut no great figure in the world.

A Poet's Philosophy

Writers from Rabelais to Voltaire have satirized this ballyhoo for taking sides in wars whose slogans people have got hold of. Rabelais tells us what Diogenes did in such a time of propaganda for a war: He held fast to his tub; he kept thumping and rolling it to the top of a hill and rolling and thumping it back again.

It is with considerable reassurance that we find William Butler Yeats doing just this in his latest book, *A Vision*. He thumps his tub up and down the hill with great perseverance and disinterestedness. And what is this tub that he persists in rolling in these days of war preparations, armaments, and regimentation of opinion? It is a strange philosophical system, a system of symbolism which has been at the back of his whole intellectual life and a great

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deal of his poetry. He works it out here in an elaborate and arcane way, with geometrical symbols from instructions given him, he tells us, by mysterious beings in automatic writing done by his wife. He flings in the face of the public one of the most fantastic constructions of the intellect that has ever been produced, a remarkable medley of astrology, spiritualism, philosophy, Hermetic wisdom, poetry, credulity, and necromancy.

The usual spiritualistic impedimenta of odors, sounds, trances make their appearance in *A Vision*. If we did not know Mr. Yeats to be a very sane man, we should regard his revelations as having come over from that other region where the mind is no longer in control and where what little individual consciousness we mortals have becomes more and more diminished.

But, whatever land his visions and his symbols take him to, he is certainly not alone there: at least half a dozen of the correspondents of this department have sent in carefully worked-out systems of symbolism with mathematical illustrations in a like vein. I do not doubt their sanity any more than I doubt Mr. Yeats's, but they are working outside the zone that the ordinary man, for his safety, has set for the adventures of his mind. However, whereas my correspondents are trying to account for the state of the universe, Mr. Yeats is trying in his book to account for the individual and his destiny.

The chief symbol he makes use of is the Great Wheel, representing an astrological year of something like 25,000 years of ours; this wheel is divided into what he calls Phases, 28 in all; then there are other symbols, cones, and gyres, which, as far as I can make out, belong to the working of the Great Wheel, and in them move what his occult instructors reveal as the Four Faculties: Will and Mask (the Will and its Object), Creative Mind and the Body of Fate (the Knower and the Unknown).

The working of these faculties, over which, however, the individual seems not to have much power, decides his whole destiny and, apparently, the phase of the Great Wheel to which he belongs. The three supreme figures of Phase 20, Mr. Yeats informs us, for example, are Shakespeare, Balzac, and Napoleon; and in his explanation of how the Four Faculties worked in their cases he achieves in a few sentences that illuminating revelation which his mind is always able to strike out.

Of Shakespeare he writes:

> Unlike Ben Jonson, he fought no duels, he kept out of quarrels in a quarrelsome age, not even complaining when somebody pirated his Sonnets; he dominated no Mermaid Tavern, but through Mask and Image reflected in a multiplying mirror he created the most passionate art that exists. He was the greatest of modern poets, partly because, entirely true to Phase, creating always from Mask and Creative Mind, never from situation alone, never from Body of Fate alone.

I understand very little of this book. Mr. Yeats undoubtedly believes that a number of readers will devote their whole intellectual lives to a study of *A Vision* and its conclusions. "I send you," he writes in a letter to Ezra Pound printed here, "the introduction to a book which will when finished proclaim a new divinity."

This divinity appears to be the Oedipus of the ancient legend who sank, soul and body, into the earth that opened to receive him. "I would have him balance Christ who went into the abstract skies, soul and body."

And then there comes this sentence, a revealing description of one sort of creative mind, perhaps the greatest sort of creative mind:

> He [Oedipus] knew nothing but his mind, yet because he spoke that mind Fate possessed it and kingdoms changed according to his blessing or his cursing. Delphi, that rock at earth's navel, spoke through him.

To know nothing but one's own mind is, maybe, to know everything, to be able to dominate everything. Mr. Yeats himself knows little but his own mind, for the life of others is so much a mystery to him that he can be deceived by the simplest human devices. Yet out of what he knows of his own mind he has made wonderful poetry — out, also, of the image, reflected in many mirrors, of that one emotion which has dominated his mind (though not his life), the emotion for the woman about whom so much of his poetry is written.

It would be a mistake to imagine that this emotion has much to do with ordinary human love, as it would be a mistake to imagine it of Dante's emotion for Beatrice, for she is partly what Mr. Yeats himself would call a "created being," a construction of his mind from some material provided by experience. That he is willing to admit, too, that the mysterious instructors in *A Vision* may also be "created

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beings," an invention of his dream life, does not, for him, in the least detract from their authenticity, their power, or their influence —

Death and life were not
Till man made up the whole,
Made lock, stock and barrel
Out of his bitter soul.
Aye, sun and moon and star, all.

A Publicized Group

From Mr. Yeats we reach down to a younger writer whose mind he has in some ways greatly influenced. This is Cecil Day Lewis, one of a few writers often referred to pompously in the literary supplements as the "Auden and Spender group." From time to time another name, Louis MacNeice or Rex Warner, for example, is bracketed with them. But why these young men should be taken so solemnly is a mystery. Their literary output up to the present has not been very imposing — not, for example, nearly as much so as the work of several groups which were young in the war year of 1914.

C. Day Lewis' *Starting Point* is a mediocre narrative of four mediocre young men at Oxford, a narrative that is like a watered-down Aldous Huxley novel. One of the young men becomes a sophisticated novelist, one is a homosexual, one settles down to domestic life, and the fourth, Anthony, decides he has nothing to live for but the Movement and goes off to fight for the Spanish Government. What a boon in art and life this Spanish war has been for many writers! What they would have done without it is a tax on the mind to imagine.

Anthony in the beginning puts himself to improving the lot of the tenants on his father's estate, and we have this naïve comment:

> His greatest error was the initial one of regarding his plans for improvement, his chosen way of life, not simply in the light of their social value, but as an instrument and setting for his own personality.

In short, he decided to swim with the tide, and we are certainly relieved to hear it. The generosity of these young Oxford men, in and out of books, in joining themselves with the toilers is commendable, only they should decide to do a little toiling. Begad, they'd better — to pluralize Carlyle's remark about Margaret Fuller's acceptance of the Universe.

The poetry of this Auden-Spender group may be the best that England can produce at the moment, but more's the pity. In any case, why so much space in the press should be taken up with their goings-on in life and in art remains inexplicable.

The French Chronicle Novel

One of the most engaging and touching groups of young intellectuals before the war was the French Abbaye group, banded together in search of the good life, which was interpreted as affectionate comradeship and work in the arts. Georges Duhamel, author of the fascinating *Pasquier Chronicles*, was one of this group, and he finishes this novel of his with an account of a community at a place he calls Le Desert, obviously the author's memory of the Abbaye.

The Abbaye community did not last long, but while it lasted it had its grand and gallant moments and, as is mysteriously the way with communities, it left its mark on literature — in this case on modern French literature. In 1906 a number of young men, writers and artists for the most part (one, I believe, was a politician), took an old house not far from Paris, pooled their belongings, and tried to live a community life. The rumor of the experiment spread, and as at Brook Farm, the brethren were visited by all sorts of cranks, male and female, who ate up their substance. Printing was decided on as the chief mode of earning the communal living. Among the early books produced was one by Duhamel, then aged 22, and a little later there was Jules Romains' *Vie Unanime*. Though the grand experiment split up in about 14 months, it left a memorable imprint on those who had been associated with it.

It would be a mistake to overemphasize the qualities common to the Jules Romains series, *Men of Good Will*, and the Duhamel Pasquier books (now published in one volume as *The Pasquier Chronicles*) and his previous Salavan series, but they undoubtedly come out of the same conception of the novel — that it should be a chronicle and a record, a complete record of what life the author has experienced or has managed to know. Jules Romains tries to express whole groups over a period of years and so write a social history of the time. Duhamel confines himself to recording the life of a family — the father, mother, and six children. Balzac, to start with, is the begetter of the whole idea: He proclaimed the notion that the novelist should be the secretary of society and he tried

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to put a whole society into his series, the *Comédie Humaine*. This idea of being the secretary of society has fascinated novelists ever since. Now the difference between Romains and Duhamel is that Romains tries to be the secretary of society and Duhamel the secretary of the family. Duhamel gives the impression of having lived through his material in body and mind, whereas we too often feel that Romains has got his matter from the files of old newspapers.

The author of *The Pasquier Chronicles* accomplishes the feat of writing a realistic novel full of direct observation of the commonest things in life; and at the same time his every slightest fact, the mother making clothes on the sewing machine, the pawning of the piano, the monotony of the lentil soup, is mysteriously touched with poetry. This is where Duhamel as an artist is superior to Jules Romains: He transforms everything he touches; he is never flat or prosy; so that his novel of over 800 pages is absorbing reading. When he gets out of the family chronicle and on to the account of communal life in Le Desert, he loses some of this absorbing quality. His account of that exciting experiment has not nearly the interest of the Pasquiers moving into a new flat, the Pasquiers listening to Cecile playing the piano, or the children taking their father to task about his mistress (when that remarkable gentleman manages as usual to turn the tables on them by countering, "You are a disappointment to me; I am thoroughly disappointed in you").

To tell the truth about human nature as he discovers it in the lower middle classes — the people who eat *pot-au-feu*, live in four rooms, have kitchen gardens, and occasionally experience the excitement of going to bathe in the public baths — has been the task that Duhamel put before himself. He gives us the feeling that he has told it completely by giving not only the most sordid everyday life but the dream life of the whole Pasquier family — the dreams of Laurent, the idealist; of Cecile, the musician; of commonplace Ferdinand; of beautiful Susanne; of Joseph, the unscrupulous businessman. In some ways Joseph is done best of all, Joseph who expects a return of fifteen per cent even on his invitations, who accomplishes everything he wants to do — whether it is bribing a public official or taking his father to task for his amours with impressive resourcefulness and imagination. While there is much in this chronicle that might have happened in a similarly situated family in Brooklyn or Hammersmith, the Pasquiers have a variety of interests, a sensitivity to art and ideas, a concern with the humanities that would be unusual in English or American family life.

The English Novel and the Individual

To go from *The Pasquier Chronicles* to *Harvest Comedy*, by Frank Swinnerton, is still to remain inside lower-middle-class life, and yet it is to go from one literary civilization to another. Society, the family, is dominant in Duhamel's novel as society is dominant in the best French novels since Balzac; there is in them a bond between every individual and the social order he belongs to. In *Harvest Comedy*, as in English novels generally, that bond is feebly recognized; the main object of the novelist's interest is the individual.

Frank Swinnerton's three men and the woman who makes the bond between them have no attachments to society, and only one of them has any attachment to a family. They are isolated and lonely people. The opening of the novel gives us an abiding impression of their loneliness:

> Every day, wet or fine, you can see walking along the broad promenade which runs from Brighton to Shoreham-on-Sea, three elderly men. They all walk alone, and as they pass they give no sign of recognition; yet each must be perfectly familiar with the appearance of the other two.

Frank Swinnerton's long narrative (it is not quite as long as *The Pasquier Chronicles*) then cuts back to tell the story of these three men and the woman who made the bond between them from their childhood down to the time they walk along the promenade. Each of the characters is made to live for us; we see them in all the great relations — love, marriage, business, parentage. We know them, too, in unexpected happenings and unexpected tensions. And, if Duhamel seems to be in descent from Balzac, like so many French novelists, then Swinnerton, with his drama and his humor, seems to be in descent from Dickens but without the elements of caricature.

We feel about *Harvest Comedy*, as we feel about *The Pasquier Chronicles*, that it is a real novel by a man with mature mind who has reached wisdom and enlightenment about life and who is able to set down what he knows with clearness, weight, and distinction. In

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these days of immature — or should it be *premature?* — publication, it is impressive to come on two such novels.

Bitterness Past and Present

The Pasquier Chronicles and *Harvest Comedy* are social sagas, and in great contrast to each of them is Edith Sitwell's lyrical and intense book, *I Live Under a Black Sun*. One does not remember the personages of this book so much as their emotions, which penetrate the mind of the reader as sharp steel might penetrate the flesh and leave a mark. The intensity, the loneliness of Esther Vanelden's love and despair, Anna Moreton's sense of wasted life that makes her crying in her sleep seem to a listener like the wailing of a lost soul — such effects as these perhaps last appeared in English narrative in the pages of *Wuthering Heights*.

It is, however, only the emotions that are powerfully real — the people in the book are but the dim figures of a dream, a dream of the life of Jonathan Swift and the two women whose lives were intertwined with his, a dream taking place in the circumstance and surroundings of the present day. The very detail with which the places in which these people live are described, as well as the beauty and strangeness of the prose, add to the dreamlike quality of the book.

The essentials of the real Swift story are here, and so are a great many utterances of the people involved in it — bits from the *Journal to Stella*, bits from Swift's letters, bits from Esther Vanhomrigh's letters. Reminiscences of Swift's great despairing books come as overtones to the story. But, while we are deeply impressed by Edith Sitwell's revelations of the emotions of the women, those of Jonathan Swift are at several removes from the anguish, the enigma, the pride and anger that formed the real man.

Another story runs through *I Live Under a Black Sun* — the story of a friendless girl, Susan, and the misery that war and war hatreds bring on her and all simple people. Susan comes to a place in France where the only one who had ever cared for her lies in his war grave:

> It was two days before she came to the grey land, the land of the dead, scarred and pitted as if it had been laid waste by an earthquake. It should be rich, should it not, that land, with so much treasure laid below; so many millions of hearts that once held the world and the hope of great adventures, so much of youth? But even the air that brooded over it was smirched and sullen, the sun seemed a candle end, melting in an endless waste of shade. Her heart in her seemed dead. She thought, "If I hadn't a heart in me, I'd be much lighter. What's the use of it now, anyway?"

Memorable as is the story of Susan, through the compassion with which it is invested and through the hatred for war that is in it, the episode is not integrated with the Swift story and actually displaces the form of the book and causes the author to spread her distinctive kind of talent over too many pages. But it seems to have been impossible for her to write of the indignation against human stupidity that was Jonathan Swift's without expressing her own indignation against the stupidity and impotence that is ours, with our feebleness before the onrush of national hatreds and the mad pile of instruments of destruction.

Man and Nature

The roar and clatter
behind a cataclysmic beacon
crash by trailing
the shaken body.

The cat remains,
green eyes and dragging
tail under
the frozen street light.

William Carlos Williams

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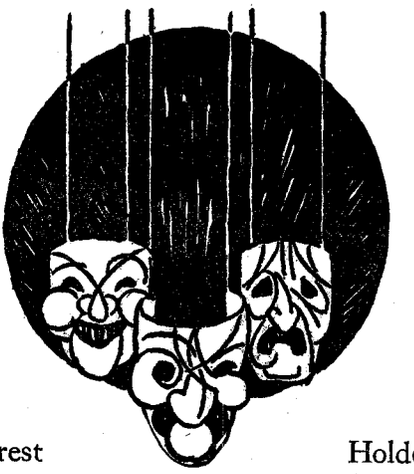
The Theater Forum



In every period the theater faces the problem of extending its horizons. The artificial classifications which divide its art into periods of romanticism, realism, and symbolism are practically irrelevancies when applied to really notable theater, the merest glance at the masterpieces of any period revealing a variety of approaches, sometimes even within the same work. A variety of tendencies has characterized the plays to which New York has played host in recent seasons. Yet it is anything but certain that our theater knows when it is best to diverge from realism or diverges often and well enough.

The Uses of Fantasy

How successfully fantasy can be used to extend the theater's frontiers may be seen in *On Borrowed Time*, undoubtedly the most charming play of the season. If its story of an old man's affection for his grandchild had remained on a purely realistic level, it might easily have slipped into a morass of sentimentality. *On Borrowed Time* triumphs over banality by weaving an irresistibly charming fantasy of how an old man kept Death up a tree because he did not wish to be separated from his little grandson. Wisely, an insoluble problem like death has been exposed to our mythmaking faculties and assigned to the ministrations of faith. In the face of what it cannot resolve by reason, art has the privilege of resorting to the higher truth of poetry. Availing itself of this privilege without explanation or apology, *On Borrowed Time* is remarkably direct and instantly touching.

There is one function of art which is being exercised less frequently than it should be — the function of healing. Today it is being undertaken chiefly by charlatans, by purveyors of profitable rubbish, rather than by men of talent and integrity. The grave is robbed of its victory when Gramps moves voluntarily into the unknown, carrying his crippled grandson in his arms, certain now that the ability to die when life has become intolerable is one of God's greatest gifts to man. The art of theater, especially when delegated to such superlative actors as Dudley Digges and young Peter Holden, knows moreover how to make the suspension of doubt required by the play noble and direct rather than saccharine and Pollyannish.

There is healing, too, in Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*. It brings the knowledge that men could live as pacifically and simply as the New England community of Grovers Corners by grace of good will. It is a mistake to consider Grovers Corners real except in our dreams, for the idyllic nature of Mr. Wilder's town is open to suspicion. Our history tells a different story — one of social stratification, greed, corrupt business practices and politics, and even crass intolerance. *Our Town* must be taken as a species of dream work which selects the wheat from the chaff, a way of remembering the past so that it may warm and hearten the present. It is for this reason that it dispenses with the realistic trappings of the stage and sets its tale against a background of radiator pipes and a blank wall.

When the third act revives Grovers Corners' dead and lets them express their longing and new-found wisdom, the fantasy is evident to everybody. What it takes some time to realize is that the playwright has been spinning a fable from the beginning, even when he was presenting commonplace details in homespun language. It is the better part of his technique that it grows on us effortlessly, while the rustic narrator impersonated by that ingratiating actor, Frank Craven, smokes his pipe and has his quiet say. If *Our Town* falls short of its possibilities, this is only because Mr. Wilder's divorce from novel writing is still incomplete; he fails to unify and develop his situations as much as he should.

How much the theater would benefit from

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greater freedom in the treatment of material is exemplified by two plays which proved their young author, Robert Ardrey, a playwright of promise. *How to Get Tough About It* spun a touching tale about waifs of our social order who are too tender-minded to hold their own in a predatory world. It was evident that the author had striven to create a philosophical fable but had wavered between imaginative freedom and pedestrian naturalism. The result was a ponderous and confused development of material that is basically poignant.

Mr. Ardrey's second drama, *Casey Jones*, could have been a luminous saga instead of a plodding and muddled problem play. Casey Jones has long been a legendary character in a well-known ballad. In the play, however, he is only a commonplace employee, whose professions of devotion to the railroad easily become inept and tiresome. His drama becomes little more than an account of how Railroad Engineer Jones loved the railroad more than anything human but finally realized that he should have lived more fully. Any social critique that may be founded on such a basis, any implication that industry is an inhuman juggernaut rolling over the bodies of its workers, loses effect because Casey is such a bore. Instead of developing the legendary character in its own terms — which would be the terms of fantasy — the playwright composed a stuffily realistic play unworthy of the Group Theatre's valiant efforts in its behalf.

The Uses of Realism

Nevertheless, it would be rash to erect fantasy into a fetish for playwrights, as it could easily lead to another outbreak of sterile symbolism or expressionism. Ernst Toller's *No More Peace*, vigorously staged by the Federal Theatre, serves as a warning against mere cerebration in fantasy. The potency of a play like *On Borrowed Time* lies in the strength and reality of its emotion. Toller's satire on fascism moves from heaven to earth and involves a fictive community along with such resuscitated worthies as St. Francis, Napoleon, and Socrates, but it presents only a thumbnail sketch of European politics. The play has every quality but the indispensable one of well-developed feeling. To spin fictions is not sufficient; one must also have the power to make them live.

Obviously, moreover, there would be little point in prescribing anything but simple realistic treatment for domestic comedies like Frederick Lonsdale's *Once Is Enough*, in which a more than usually intelligent duchess salvages her husband from a brainstorm of infidelity. Here the entertainment and the substance, such as they are, depend entirely on the ease with which the playwright comports himself on the treadmill of polite society. Lonsdale, being a master of the art of conversation, has written an adequate comedy, which that able actress, Ina Claire, keeps bubbling with the kind of poetry which good acting adds to even prosaic work.

Lonsdale's American cousin, S. N. Behrman, is likewise at his best within the confines of the *salon*. His *Wine of Choice* reaffirms his faith in liberalism, and there is a measure of poetry in the passion with which he maintains his belief. But the power of Behrman's politico-philosophical disquisitions lies in a realistic picture of social currents. In fact, if the picture were stronger than it is in the relatively trivial story of *Wine of Choice*, his meaning would be stronger too.

In the province of social purpose and psychological analysis, no play of the season has made better use of the instrument of realism than *Shadow and Substance*. The drama has its wild flight of Celtic fantasy in the dreams of a rhapsodic servant girl. But the power of this play, the most notable to come from Ireland since *Juno and the Paycock*, lies in its adherence to the realities of a backward community, of a struggle between ecclesiastic conservatism and anticlerical liberalism, and of a personal tragedy concerning a priest who learns the futility of intellectual aloofness. Written with passion and understanding, *Shadow and Substance* is so charged with beauty as to constitute a complete vindication of realism, if any were needed. It is equally to its credit that it enables Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Julie Haydon, who play the canon and the servant girl, to touch heights to which few actors can aspire in the all too frequently humdrum theater of realism.

John W. Gassner

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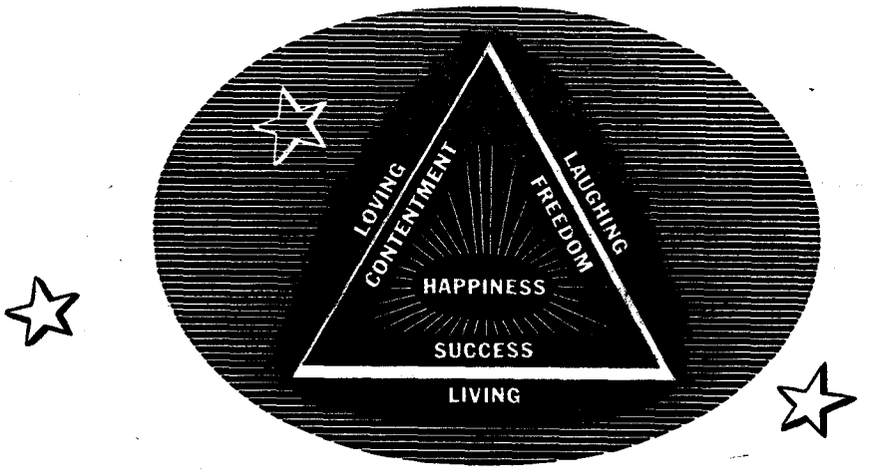
Problems in Living



by **WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON**

How much liquor is enough?

There is no question which is asked more frequently, with graver concern, by a greater variety of people than this query about drinking. I find three different types of opinion: a belief in total abstinence, a brief for moderate drinking, and an ardent enthusiasm for liquor.

A young wife of New England ancestry, living in New York, with an adorable baby and a husband who recently rolled his car off the road in a smashing somersault (under the influence of a flock of drinks), speaks as follows:

> Doctor, there isn't any such thing as moderate drinking. If Harry takes one little cocktail he loses all control. He drinks and drinks until his money and credit are exhausted. Oh, these people who talk about moderate drinking make me furious! You drink or you don't — and if you drink you are crazy!

Harry, now a total abstainer, agrees.

> I think my wife is right. Total abstinence is the only thing. We don't go out any more to our friends' houses or to clubs or parties where liquor is served. Margaret likes cocktails occasionally and wine, but I won't let her have any.

An eminent clubwoman wrote me recently:

> You may think I am very old-fashioned but I believe firmly that liquor is a sin and an abomination. I can cite so many cases where social drinking ruined the lives of fine men and women . . . and I maintain that no spirituous liquor should ever be served.

Comes Herbert Renley, college graduate, successful businessman, cultured gentleman of the world, who deposes:

> What silly nonsense! [I had shown Mr. Renley the clubwoman's letter.] The surest way to make a nation of drunkards is to tell people they can't drink. Our national prohibition experiment proved that, didn't it? Teach them to drink moderately — drink like gentlemen — and you eliminate the danger of excessive alcoholism.

Mrs. Joel Townsend Rogers, wife of the well-known writer and mother of four splendid children, told me:

> Cocktails are fun if you don't have them every day. People who drink regularly, day in and day out, soon reach a point where they must drink to escape depression. They don't really enjoy it then, and certainly it does them harm. Sometimes in the afternoon when I'm tired and tense, one or two cocktails relax me all over, make me feel cheerful, patient with the children, and able to eat a dinner which I could not otherwise touch.

A young Connecticut manufacturer, known to his acquaintances as a man of poise and balance and a prince of good fellows, summarizes his experience as follows:

> No drinking in business hours, of course. A drink or two before going home at night gives relaxation, sweeps your mind of commercial cares, and makes you fit to enjoy the evening hours with your family. A few highballs at a party, now and then, increase enjoyment, break down social barriers, and do no harm to anybody. I question the physical effects of too much liquor; one must learn to drink in moderation.

And now the enthusiasts — college boys, men about town, movie stars, newspapermen, and those who work long hours under terrific nervous strain have poured into my ears humorous but seriously motivated paeans of

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praise for John Barleycorn. And there are others — creative workers especially — who sometimes strike the same note.

A writer of international reputation confesses:

> When I am completely at a loss for a phrase or an idea, I drink. And behold, O magic of the subconscious! On white paper before me the words I sought appear, materialized from nowhere, without thought or effort. I consider alcohol fate's kindest gift to inhibited humanity.

A noted scientist admitted recently:

> I drink far more than is good for me. But liquor sustains me mentally and physically. I should have learned to do without it, perhaps — but as things stand I produce my best results with the help of alcoholic stimulants.

II

Such wide divergence of intelligent opinion indicates a corresponding difference in experience. The fact is that liquor, like high-voltage electricity, is an extremely dangerous tool. It may destroy or benefit its user, according to the user's capacity for and method of handling it.

Not all the bugaboos conjured up by prohibitionists to frighten timid souls into total abstinence need be taken seriously. For example, the effects of moderate amounts of liquor on liver and kidneys are often exaggerated. Almost as many total abstainers as drinkers suffer from cirrhosis of the liver; and, since heavy and moderate imbibers are lumped together in these statistics, it seems likely that reasonable alcoholic consumption need hold no special terrors in this direction. In general, physical ill effects are not caused by liquor as such but by the piling up of more alcoholic products in the system than the natural bodily processes can take care of. In other words, if you drink too fast and too often or if you drink too great a total quantity of liquor for your body to dispose of properly, you will suffer physical harm — but not otherwise. (Of course, your organs must be functioning normally to begin with.)

The mental and emotional effects of drinking are far more complicated. They differ incredibly with different individuals and with different physical and psychological conditions of the same individual at different times.

Some experts will tell you that resistance to liquor depends on the mind: that strong-willed men and women can shake off the effects at any moment they choose and concentrate on the problem in hand. This I know to be true of some people, sometimes. But the exceptions are fully as important as the rule.

Other experts maintain that resistance to alcohol depends on physical stamina: that the weakest-willed truck driver can drink the strongest-minded professor under the table. But I know a number of intellectuals with relatively slight physiques who can spot the average husky three drinks and come out on the sober side.

The important point is that there isn't any general rule about resistance to liquor which is safe to depend on. Each person must study himself: his mind; his body; the different effects of different dosages of alcohol, of different beverages and mixtures; and the conditions under which he is most likely to be much affected by even a single drink. He must learn to take precautions accordingly.

There is one common effect of liquor which it is useful to understand. Alcohol removes inhibitions. That is why it is pleasant. Our "gray matter" — the parts of the mind which direct our animal functions intelligently — throw off nerve energy which continually checks and obstructs our "natural" impulses. This constant conflict in the brain is unpleasant. Alcohol releases the elementary impulses from control and so temporarily ends the cerebral struggle. This release is in itself

The following letter is from Dr. Marston's recent correspondence:

"Why do writers like you, who are trying to help people, always manage to drag in something about religion? Religion is a lot of superstitious tripe, at least as most people go about it. They don't attend church because they get anything out of it but because of fear or because it is socially proper or because they may appear in a better light to someone who can be of advantage to them. Ninety per cent of our worst hypocrites are among our churchgoers." . . .

Dr. Marston will discuss the question raised by this writer in his June clinic: "Must I Go to Church?" Meanwhile, he will welcome expressions of opinion on this subject from other readers.

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pleasant; it affords relief and relaxation.

As more liquor is consumed, the animal impulses become more and more active. Herein lies the greatest psychological danger of drinking — a danger which need not be explained by childhood unhappiness or subconscious rebellion against reality. Everybody experiences this same effect and not everybody had an unhappy childhood. As the primitive parts of you are stimulated, you enjoy their activity — that's all there is to it. And, the more liquor you drink, up to a point, the more pleasure you feel. The danger is, of course, that because of your increasing pleasure you will release more of the animal in you than is good for you or for the people around you.

You will note that the moderate drinkers whom I quoted at the beginning of this article all stop close to the line where relief at freedom from mental conflict merges into the savage, unrestrained pleasure of primitive emotional activity. That is the point where I advise everybody to stop. I do not say, "Take one cocktail," or, "You may drink two highballs safely," because some of you ought not to take any — even a single drink may start the animal self rampaging — and some of you may require several drinks to gain legitimate relaxation and mental harmony.

Don't let anybody tell you there is an objective drinking rule which applies to all drinkers; the only safe rule is subjective. You must go by your own feelings and experiences. The moment you feel yourself riding high, casting restraints to the wind, stop drinking! You are as happy at that moment as alcohol can ever make you. If you go on seeking more joy from another glass, you will begin piling up unpleasantness and depression which will soon wipe out your pleasure. Moreover, the after-unpleasantness leads to a vicious circle of habitual drinking to get rid of it.

III

THERE SEEM to be two extraordinary types of drinkers: the brain worker, who sometimes drinks heavily without serious detriment, and the abnormal or uncontrolled drinker, who suffers enormously from heavy drinking. Both these types are using a destructive force in unsafe ways. The difference in result springs from an initial difference in mental and bodily equipment. The mind worker is able, in some instances, to give his animal impulses a mental outlet which is relatively harmless; he stirs up his primitive feelings with much liquor and lets them ride him, suffering mainly physical harm from the reaction.

But the uncontrolled drinker has no such organized avenue of self-expression. When he consumes a quantity of alcohol he is likely to do anything — jump through plate-glass windows, pick fights, undress (often a feminine impulse), weep, and almost always talk loquaciously. His is no Dutch courage — that is a popular misconception. If liquor-inspired daring and dominance were false, artificial, it would be relatively harmless. But alcohol turns loose real derring-do, dauntless animalism — look out for the individual who shows it. And people do look out for him; and soon he loses his job, his friends, his place in civilized society. There is only one course for him — total abstinence. Psychologists who use the system originated by the late Richard Peabody of Boston will ease the mental conflicts from which he is trying to escape, teach him to live happily without liquor, and so enable him to readjust himself to normal life, once he sincerely desires to stop drinking and rehabilitate himself.

Liquor is no instrument of the devil to fear and run away from. Nor is it a cure-all, a surcease of human woe to which one may flee for refuge. Liquor is a highly potent food substance which has its uses and its dangers. Drink, if you drink at all, to secure a maximum of benefit and a minimum of harm from this strong and potentially dangerous diet.

Drink for peace, relaxation, and emotional harmony — never for animalism or egotistical delusion. Drink slowly, moderately, with plenty of food and cheerful society. Never drink to escape this world, because your life task is to meet reality and extract from it your birthright of happiness. If you use liquor and never let it use you, there is small danger of ill effects. You cannot live, love, laugh, and be happy while drunk; but carefully controlled drink may serve as one instrument among many to establish a personality balance which will accomplish these universal human purposes.

Next month: Do you think you're psychic?

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The Shakedown

Racket Busting in Chicago

by **THOMAS J. COURTNEY**

State's Attorney of Cook County, Illinois

AT THE OUTSET of our war on the labor racketeer, fear on the part of the businessman and legitimate labor representative threatened to cut short our activities. It was manifest, however, that, if business and labor had the courage to stand up, it would be an easy matter to kick the gangster out. He thrived on the fear of his victims, and, the minute fear was overcome, his power was gone. We had no little difficulty convincing the victims how imperative it was to display courage.

One very helpful procedure we did hit on was to call in a bona fide officer of a union under gangster domination. He was usually a fear-ridden creature, convinced that his life hung on a thread toyed with by the mob. We warned him about conspiracy and told him that his offices would be raided and his books audited and that he might find himself required to answer many embarrassing questions about the disbursement of union funds. We further told him that, if we found any member of the mob drawing a salary from his union, this information would be broadcast to the membership and the public at large. "Meanwhile," we advised, "you can protect yourself by telling your labor leeches we are making things pretty hot for you and they had better get out of your union." Many did go, promptly.

As long as fear was being used as a weapon, we determined that fear of exposure might likewise serve as an instrument in our aid. The result was that in a little over two years several hundred outlaw unions were stamped out and the biggest percentage of gangster-dominated unions in Chicago purged, thus stemming the flow of thousands of dollars which had been pouring out of business into the pockets of so-called labor leaders, who used much of it to save their worthless hides.

For example, when Clifford and Cawley of the Barker mob murdered a garage attendant who refused to join their union and also shot at and wounded the police officer who broke in on the crime, it was generally accepted that the $10,000 which disappeared from the treasury of the coal teamsters' union was used in their behalf. The facts are that Clifford and Cawley fled to California, where they were apprehended. The officer who had been wounded was to be the chief witness against them. But when they were returned to Chicago as prisoners and brought in for a showup, he refused to identify them. They were acquitted, only to be killed a few months later.

Gangland cannot operate successfully unless there is laxity on the part of the law. Whether in the past some of the men in official capacity were in collusion with gangsters and those who lived beyond the law it is not for us to say; but we do know that outlaw unions and their parasitic leaders reached a state of alarming power and widespread operation. Union bylaws meant nothing; gangland just voted itself in for life. Often the gangsters did not bother about voting at all. The "big fellow," surrounded by his henchmen, would simply crash a legitimate meeting, lay his gun on the table, and announce, "You are now looking at your new treasurer." It was election by muscle.

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Just before elections, kidnaping of legitimate candidates was standard procedure. Usually the sum demanded just about equaled the amount in the treasury. If a union member requested an accounting of his dues, a "heavy" man slugged him or connived with his employer to take him off his job.

Living Off the Unions

Our first move in severing connections between the underworld and law-enforcing bodies was to ask all businessmen and union members suffering at the hands of gangsters to come to see us. So that there could not possibly be any betrayal of the victims who were helping us, their names, telephone numbers, and addresses were *not* taken. Feeling a sense of security in secrecy, they unfolded stories of shakedowns, intimidations, and extortions which, I believe, could not have been uncovered in any other way.

When the underworld sensed that "fix" money was losing its effectiveness, its leaders began backing into their holes, putting straw men in as their leaders. This subterfuge was discovered in raiding their offices in the heart of Chicago's Wall Street, where a band of about ten exconvicts, with machine guns, was hiding under such titles as *business agent* and *organizer*. These were the men who were controlling the biggest percentage of labor unions in Chicago.

But the tremendous scope of this criminal machine was really brought home to me when, over a period of one year, more than 100 widows came to the Criminal Courts Building to say that they were unable to collect death benefits from the Chicago teamsters' union, into which their husbands had put thousands of dollars in driblets of $3 a month for themselves, $1 for their wives, and $1 for each child under sixteen. With an average of 3,000 members contributing over $10,000 every month in dues, not to mention the $100 initiation fees or the $10 yearly hospital dues, Mike Galvin — one of the turncoat labor leaders who had joined arms with the invaders — could show no union bank account.

Apparently Mike was pocketing every dollar as fast as it came in, and, when a widow applied for her husband's death benefit, it annoyed him to have to take the money out of his own pocket.

So he employed stewards to collect dues from members while they were at work. If a member was ill, the steward did not go to his home and collect, because his illness might result in death, and, if the dues were allowed to go unpaid beyond the tenth of any month, the death benefit, according to the carefully worded policy, was automatically canceled. The few members who had read their policies would, if they were ill, send their wives down to Mike's office with their payments. Here these credulous women were told to use the money to buy medicine or flowers, and they would walk out of the office with tears of gratitude streaming down their faces, not realizing that they were actually canceling their husbands' sickness and death benefits.

A Partial Victory

A labor leader of different color was Tim Lynch, secretary-treasurer of local 782. Known in union circles as a stand-up union man, he made friends with those he represented. And he actually did represent them. He deposited dues in the treasury; paid sickness and death benefits; built up his membership from a mere handful to well over 600. The businessmen he dealt with respected him, and his drivers idolized him.

Red Barker, out on parole from the penitentiary, could not resist the allure of Tim's local with its $50,000 in securities, its $17,000 in cash, and its labor temple valued at $131,000. So he sent his lieutenants, Three-Finger Jack White, also fresh from prison, along with Sammy Alex, to tell Tim to resign. Tim replied that if gangsters took his local it would be over his dead body. Two months later, as he walked out the back door of his home, gunfire from behind bushes ended his life. And over his dead body Barker and his mob proceeded

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to grab a real plum. This was gangland's common and approved method of removing legitimate labor leaders from office, if they would not step down through fear.

After Tim's death, his suspected murderer, Dan Tagnotti, along with four labor hoodlums, raided the treasury, pocketed the current dues of the membership, and confiscated rents from the labor temple.

It is significant that, when Three-Finger White was murdered, the union's $50,000 worth of securities was found among his effects. Immediately the members of this local, as well as of 18 others in the Chicago teamsters' group, voted to return to the protection of the international.

Because I was active in supporting the movement to bring the coal teamsters' local back into the fold of the international, I did not escape gangland's gunfire. One night the car in which I was riding was splattered with bullets. The metal rib on the rear window was all that prevented one shot from going home.

About that time we raided the offices of this outlaw union and arrested the men who were found there. During the two days they were held, all was peace and quiet. Immediately upon their release, gunplay was again the order of the day. A second raid was made, and while the leaders were in custody no shootings occurred. A second time they were released, and within the next two days two more teamsters were shot, and the reign of terror was again in full sway. At this point I informed the chief justice of the criminal court that a state of civil war existed on the streets of Chicago, that I proposed to raid the coal teamsters' office for the last time, and that when the officers were put in jail I expected the co-operation of the courts to keep them there. A third raid was made, the same men were arrested, and the shooting stopped — proving that, in any war on crime, your battle is not with the crimesters alone.

With an end of violence, the rank and file moved almost bodily out of the clutches of gang control and into the protection of the international. Since their return, they have paid up $15,000 in back debts, put $65,000 in the treasury, bought a building for $35,000, and raised the salaries of their business agents. Each month there is an accounting to the members of every dollar received and spent. The above figures convey some idea of the amount of money which had been spilling into the coffers of labor racketeers. And, mind you, this was only one local.

Even in the face of this and similar examples, the gangster element refused to see the handwriting on the wall. Racketeers engaged counsel to petition the local courts to issue injunctions restraining the State's attorney's office from its activities. When this was denied, they appealed to a higher court. Receiving no relief there, one of their lawyers injected himself into the cause as a citizen and petitioned the chief justice of the criminal court to have a special State's attorney appointed. This request was also denied. Still not defeated, he appealed for a special grand jury, and again was refused. When all means of redress through the courts had failed, my car was fired on. The bullets and empty shells used in this attack were the same type used in the shooting of the coal teamsters, and were fired in the same manner.

Defending American Womanhood

Our first knowledge that professional gougers were attacking even inconspicuous lines of work came when 50 chorus girls marched into the Criminal Courts Building to complain about an organizer named Caldwell. Apparently Caldwell and his mob were waylaying chorus girls after their shows at night with, "Girlie, you should join a protective association." If the girls asked how it would benefit them, the leering answer was, "You like to dance wid dem pins, doncha? Well, a dollar a week will keep 'em from being broke."

As his organizers gained members, Caldwell turned his talents to a booking agency in the Comedy Club. Thus dancers and singers were not only paying dues in his outlaw union but a commission for being booked as well! When

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these facts were known, his charter was revoked, and he was out of business.

The story of Frado and Virgilio is even more fantastic. Here were two thick-eared bruisers — who had been arrested on two occasions for rape — frequenting cabarets in an effort to organize hat-check girls. "A buck a month off your girls," they told the concessionaires who hired the women, "or $300 from you, and we won't organize 'em." As often as not they got the $300 — and more, too — until finally the concessionaires could stand the shake no longer and notified our office.

When Frado and Virgilio were brought in for questioning, we asked why they were interested in helping the hat-check girls.

"Well, it's like this," Virgilio smoothed, talking out of the side of his mouth. "Them girls need protection. A lotta guys get drunk in cabarets and insult them girls, an' we want it stopped."

"How are you going to stop it?"

"If a stiff guy makes a wisecrack, we'll say, 'Don't do that — you have a sister of your own, maybe.'"

"Doesn't the manager of the cabaret handle such matters?"

"Aw, they ain't got the time. Besides, we got a charter, an' that gives us the right to organize; an' it's a shame," he persisted, shaking his billiard-ball head in righteous indignation, "the way those drunks maul the girls around."

"Then you are concerned about the morals of the girls who are forced to work in cabarets?" we asked.

"Yes."

"Well, then (shoving their arrest papers across the desk), why didn't you think of the morals of these two young girls on whose charges of rape you were arrested?"

"Oh, that?" they shrugged. "That was a couple years ago. We learned a lot since then."

"And so has the law," we countered.

With the arrest of Frado and Virgilio, their union was broken up, and hat-check girls are now getting along without their tender protection.

The Rooney Case

The first labor conviction in Cook County and one of the first cases to assure businessmen that they dared report complaints about mob rule was that of Johnny Rooney, leader of the circular distributors' union. Rooney had built up his own labor dynasty, whose inner workings were as interesting as they were nefarious: 100 or more "*regular* union card men" paid him $1.50 each in monthly dues and 25 cents a day for every day they worked. Then there were hundreds of "permit men" who held no card in his union but worked regularly at circular distributing. They paid him 50 cents a day, and were not allowed to become "regulars" because this would reduce the amount of their payments. Each night these quarters and half-dollars, mounting into thousands, found their way into Rooney's pocket.

Not all the bill distributors were derelicts recruited from the backwash on West Madison Street. Many were former businessmen, some had college educations, but all were down on their luck and not averse to drinking. So, in order to collect more of the men's wages, Rooney operated a bar at union headquarters.

All this came to light when the Goldblatt brothers' department stores refused to fire their own bill distributors and hire Rooney's. Stench bombs, broken windows, damaged merchandise, sluggings — all manner of "sales pressure" was used to convince the Goldblatts that they were making a big mistake.

Our first move on the case was to tap the wires in the home of Rosalie Rizzo, Rooney's dusky-eyed moll. On the night when Goldblatt's young watchman was murdered, Rooney called Rosalie and told her to bring down "that package." Testimony later revealed that the package consisted of two revolvers — one of which was used in the killing.

"Well, we done a good job!" was Rooney's brief remark overheard afterward by one of the distributors in his own bar. It helped send him and Berry, his accomplice, to the penitentiary for life; Rosalie, for twenty years.

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Strike Blackmail

Calling strikes was perhaps the chief stock in trade of so-called labor leaders, and, characteristically, they waved aside all legitimate strike "routine." During the Barker-White regime, for example, Barker was absolute; he gave no accounting for his actions to an international officer or to anybody else; he simply went out and called strikes for the purpose of putting the shake on business. All that was necessary was the flimsiest of complaints, and the strike was on. It was always settled — for a consideration. Today, if a strike is called, we immediately find out why. If it is bona fide, our policy is hands off; but, if it is called with an ulterior motive on the part of a business agent, the law steps in. With the adoption of this procedure, promiscuous strikes and shakedowns have diminished sharply.

History is repeating itself. Again we are in a cycle of unrest, and employees are anxious to join any organization or association offering high-sounding promises. The more fantastic the promises, the more readily some workers believe in them. Many employers treat their help decently and pay good wages. Many employees are satisfied with their income and their working conditions and do not desire to join any organization into which they have to pay dues, when that organization cannot better their conditions. Of course there are employers who take advantage of the disorganization of their employees. Nevertheless, today a few misguided workers are allowing themselves to be agitated into a state of uprising, and they, in turn, are seeking to agitate others — with the result that idleness, loss of income, hungry families, and battered bodies are the price they pay for their gullibility.

We have had about five sit-down strikes in Chicago. When they first broke out, our judges in the municipal court were reluctant about issuing warrants, thus giving added impetus and encouragement to the sit-downer. Before this menace had got fairly started, I went before the chief justice of the municipal court and procured warrants. Immediately all sit-downers were evicted. At the same time, public notice was served that sit-down strikes were illegal, and would not be tolerated in Chicago and Cook County. From that day on we have had no trouble.

Fake Unions

During the last four years it has been amazing to see the number of attempts made to organize unions with no affiliation whatever with a parent body. All that a group of organizers had to do was apply for a State charter from the Secretary of State of Illinois and, by following a few prescribed legal rules, including the payment of a very small fee, secure official authorization to do business in the State. If three or four scheming organizers decided they wanted to unionize a particular group of workmen, they would make application to the Secretary of State, procure a gold-seal charter, adopt a high-sounding corporate name, and intimidate the group they had spotted into paying them dues. Generally they were not members of the craft nor knew much about work in the field. Their concern was the money they could get out of the worker.

In order to defeat this promiscuous granting of charters, we requested the Secretary of State to have all applications sent to our office so that we could investigate the organizers. Hundreds of applications poured in, and on nearly 400 occasions we protested against their issuance, thus preventing many racketeers from getting started.

No thinking person can have any quarrel with *real* unionism. The organizing of working men of a particular craft into a legitimate group to be represented by officers of their own selection who work in the craft with them, who know their problems, and who are interested in their welfare is capable of accomplishing great good. But labor organizations, unfortunately, can be used by dishonest, disreputable representatives in such a way as to cause great harm. The fault lies in the ease with which outsiders can muscle in and take control while the average member is too busy earning a living to pay a great deal of attention to the affairs of his organization. Intimidation, threats, and violence have very often in the past kept decent representatives out of office and retained in official capacities men whose concern was not to help the men they represented, not to aid them in securing better wages or working conditions, but rather to use the cloak of unionism for their own selfish gain.

We will always have labor disputes between worker and employer and we will always have

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strikes. We will always have sob sisters who will excuse anything that is done in the name of union labor and we will always have those who are unjustifiably opposed to granting the rights of labor. But we must remember that the common welfare and public good are vitally concerned at all times. We cannot permit the law to be broken with impunity even in times of labor strikes. Assaults, murder, malicious conduct — all are beyond the pale of the law, and should be prosecuted regardless of who the offender may be. No one should accept the excuse that a crime was committed in the name of capital or of labor. These groups have no more right to commit crime and go unpunished for it than has the common criminal the right to trespass on the public order generally.

What Use Are Economists?

by **SIR JOSIAH STAMP**

Do economists do more harm than good?

That such a question can be thought of and put to me point-blank to force me to justify my cloth before all the world is an indication of the strange state into which we have fallen. It arises from the common complaints about economists: first, that they disagree among themselves; second, that they say one thing today and the opposite next year; third, that they can never tell you what is going to happen; fourth, that, if they do tell you what is going to happen, it doesn't. The businessman talks of the economist contemptuously as a theorist, and altogether it takes quite a lot of pluck today to acknowledge publicly that one is an economist — the lowest form of animate nature, so to speak.

Yet there are crowds of people who proclaim loudly that they are economists — the journalists, engineers, politicians, and cranks of all kinds who have never had any discipline in economic thought in their lives but who excogitate, by the light of nature, what they beforehand want to think. That is part of the trouble. Before any man can call himself a chemist or engineer or lawyer or doctor, he has to undergo a prolonged period of disciplined study under recognized exponents of his branch of knowledge and satisfy rigid tests. We refuse to admit his standing unless he has done this — although we may perhaps regard him as a gifted "amateur." But a man dubs *himself* economist, rubs shoulders with the true economist on what seem to the public to be equal terms; and the resultant chorus is certainly discordant. You cannot expect a reliable body of doctrine from such a rabble, half of whom think only what they have made up their minds to think.

Economics is a mode of thought, rather than a body of unalterable doctrine. The genuine student who has been through a real headache on the principle or theory of value can tell in five minutes of talk whether another individual has ever been through the mill. Now in every science there is a generally accepted body of knowledge covering most of the field, but on the fringe the greatest differences exist. This is certainly so in physics, where inanimate nature is under the eyes and fingers of its students, and can be controlled for experiment. Doctors proverbially differ, dealing with a single but complex animate body. Lawyers are the worst of all, for they must take all the given facts in a

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case, duly proved by an elaborate process and lying all in the *past*, and then apply to them a set of self-made rules, grammatically determining the result — a result which is never put to the test of facts! Judgment for A in the first court may be reversed by two judges to one in favor of B in the appeals court, only to be reversed again by three judges to two for A in the highest court!

But the economist has an even more difficult job, for many of his facts lie in the *future*. Those in the past may be unprovable, and those in the future are hidden in millions of human beings affecting each other's lives, in national policies and psychologies, in harvests yet to be sown, and in a hundred other contingencies. Yet you expect him to tell you exactly when to sell out your United Oils and buy Moravian Tea shares!

Now the businessman has to act on some sort of principle, even if it is nearly guesswork, and it is all very well for him to sneer at the theorist. The businessman just practices the theories of 30 years ago! I admit that many economists reason too long in the abstract, without putting a tape measure on reality. But the real economist studies facts constantly and groups them in principles and tendencies and makes an ordered body of knowledge of them. He may be too cocksure, but you yourself are prone to strip his theories of all their necessary conditions and then triumphantly show them to be working out wrong. I know how seldom an economist is quoted correctly by a layman. The ordinary man hates anything but a simple statement, but economic life is complex, and any simple statement in economics is always wrong.

If Economists Had Been Heard at Versailles

You may think we disagree among ourselves. Actually, in 90 per cent of the extent of our subject we have close agreement by the majority and over the remaining 10 per cent a healthy unrest. Where thought passes into action, the thought may be defeated by politics, by international complications.

You may think we do more harm than good. Well, suppose that the passions of war-weary peoples at Versailles had allowed the economists to be heard on reparations and international debts. Had this been possible, the statesmen would never have erected that monstrous edifice — as I see it — which resulted in over twelve years of desperate recriminative international conferences, treaty breaking, and financial disaster before the truth was reluctantly discovered by the people — truth which the economist had proclaimed all along. Think what a different world there would have been if we had had no occupation of the Ruhr and no collapse of the German mark! The economists proclaimed incessantly that reparations were limited by what the creditors would accept in goods and services in competition with their own manufacturers and by what the debtors could export without upsetting the exchanges. Thus the economists put the maximum reparations totals from the very beginning at figures only one fifth to even one tenth of those the lawyers and politicians declared were just and possible. At each crisis the economist edged and urged the reluctant nations a little nearer the truth, but that early obstinacy created a world situation which broke up the whole system of international debt and reparation payment. What might have been possible with care and organization at the beginning became ultimately impossible.

The economist is generally right in his statement of tendencies, but the world is too complex to permit him to put a date on them or gauge their degree. Thus some of us were prophesying an ultimate collapse in Wall Street as early as 1927, and in successive years we were laughed to scorn because it had not come. But it did come — and more disastrously than any economist had foreseen.

Have you ever thought how ridiculous it would be if the economist really did foretell the actual date when interest rates would have to be changed, when an exchange rate would be altered, or when the peak price of rubber or of some other commodity would be reached? Everyone who believed the forecast would want to anticipate the date, to buy or to sell, as the case might be, to avoid loss or to make a special profit; and so the date itself would automatically be shifted. An economic forecast as a guide to individual conduct is a contradiction in terms; the more people believed it, the more likelihood that it would be wrong! The economist can only prophesy what people who do not believe his prophecy are likely to do.

The economist will not make things easy for

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people — as the young lady said, "Everything I want to do is either illegal, immoral, or fattening" — and thus all the short cuts to prosperity are really at bottom uneconomic. Hence the unpopularity of the economist.

Do I urge that the economist has always been right and that his view ought always to prevail? Of course not. Economists certainly have spoken with divided voice. Some said the World War could not last long because finances would be exhausted; but new means were found to mobilize national resources. Some said Norman Angell's *The Great Illusion* was proved wrong because there was not in England the collapse he predicted. But he had not anticipated the British Government's coming behind the market and taking over all commercial bills. Nevertheless, as the years roll on his central thesis becomes more and more clearly proved: No one can make a profit nowadays out of war. Some economists advocated Great Britain's return to the gold standard early in 1925. I was of the small minority which questioned the wisdom of this, and the swift disaster that came in the failure of our coal exports, the consequent mining trouble, and the general strike, showed how far-reaching this move really was.

More Money for Economic Research

A few economists in the United States have been much too optimistic about the power of monetary management to raise prices and restore prosperity under all conditions, but the majority has warned and expounded in vain. Economists have been almost invariably right in their prognostications of the consequences of various stages in the tortuous progression of French finance. We want more economists of a better average quality, more money spent on economic research, a better hearing for reputable economists when they have something to say, and a ban on quacks.

Does the economist do more harm than good? What an absurd question! If they had not had economists, governments would be the possessors of debased coinage; unwise banking; crazy credit; unsound public finance; constant trade crises; tariffs, worse even than those they have, ruining the productive powers of the world under the guise of promoting the interests of little bits of it; crackpot plans to make pint pots smaller and the quarts to go into them larger — in fact, every generation would repeat every economic folly that shortsighted mercantile selfishness or blown-out cloudy idealism has committed through the ages. Only the experience accumulated and expounded by the economist and only the struggling effort to apply its lessons to new conditions, free from wishful thinking, can keep the world from making all the old mistakes. The businessman or his government will put on a duty to protect a particular market and succeed in protecting it, but will fail altogether to reckon with the effect on the export trade. Or perhaps they will fix the price of a commodity and drive it out of production in the process; raise a wage rate in an industry and let it open to competition which kills it; uphold an exchange rate which is depressed through the export of capital and foreign investment and by so doing subsidize the investment; enter a restriction scheme, to maintain prices, which encourages some outsider to flood the market.

There is no such thing as a simple, direct effect in economic life without numerous reactions and readjustments often more far-reaching and important than the direct effect. The economist's job is the unpopular one of warning you about them. The economist's training is the only one which teaches that you cannot act on one factor in society without many reactions in unexpected quarters. He is the student of reactions.

Of course, he often misses. Economists do not co-ordinate their views sufficiently before rushing into being public advisers. They need constant criticism and questioning to keep them from wandering away from the world of facts into abstractions. So go on asking the silly question: Do economists do more harm than good? You will goad them into energy and watchfulness.

In an early issue:
"The Consumer's Interest,"
by Dayton D. McKean

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Our Daily Bribe

The Degrading Practice of Tipping

by **ALVIN F. HARLOW**

AMAZING, what a lot of common sense a good, thumping depression hammers into us — temporarily! Five years ago we heard that the practice of tipping was done for. Waiters and taxi drivers began to bow and give thanks over unexpected dimes.

But common sense vanished like smoke as soon as times began to mend. In the first several months of 1937 tipping came into its own again, and apparently our "recession" of present date has not yet had much effect on it. It cannot have had, when one hears of little department-store salesgirls giving away an eighth of a week's salary in one beauty-shop tip.

We are accustomed to shouting from the hustings and the housetops about trends in our life which are called un-American. What, may I ask, is more un-American than tipping? It doesn't belong in American society; it doesn't belong in a democracy. It is a product of lands where for centuries there has been a servile class.

One hundred years and more ago there was practically no tipping of white persons in the United States. In the course of historical research I have pored through hundreds of the books which every European visitor to America used to write as soon as he returned home. Many of them express amazement at having found in America that they were not expected to tip and that in fact some persons whom they regarded as servants were offended at the mere suggestion.

Wrote one:

> The coachman does not expect the slightest fee or remuneration. There is no eternal opening of the door and "Please, sir, I stop here," — "Please, sir, I don't go any further," — "Please, sir, remember the coachman."

The truth of the matter is that we had no "servants" then; the waiter and the hostler and the coachman regarded themselves rather as employees, free citizens whose means of livelihood were as honorable as anyone else's. The cook and the farmhand were apt to be found eating at table with the family — as they do yet in some rural districts.

One English traveler named John Fowler told of stopping in 1830 at a little town in upstate New York. The charge for supper, lodging, and breakfast astounded him:

> Total, 81 cents; waiter 0; chambermaid and boots ditto; and civility and thanks into the bargain. Will this be credited in England? It will be some time before it is *practised* there, at all events.

Alack, the position is now reversed, and America is the land of bigger and better tipping. The European menial begins to chuckle as soon as he sees a well-dressed American coming. We are even tipping for reasons Europe hasn't thought of yet.

As late as 1900, the waiter, the bellboy, and the Pullman porter were almost the only people in America who regularly accepted tips (and, if you did not tip them, there was seldom any hint that they despised you for it). But our newly rich promoted the practice of tipping everybody by using tips to buy special service which others could not afford. Also they went to Europe and, finding that you had to tip your way around over there, they came back and threw money about to prove that they had been abroad and knew the rules. Naïve folk with less money imitated them. The craze for keeping up with the Joneses and for aping the ways of Europe has lost little popularity since then.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

WITH THE beginning of the present century we entered the age of rackets; and today tipping is one of the creamiest rackets

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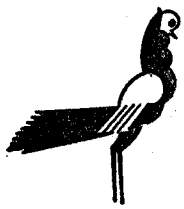
known to man. You are liable to open and flagrant insult not only if you do not tip at all but also if you merely don't tip as lavishly as the proud modern menial thinks you should. If you come again within range of such an offended one, you'll get almost no service at all, or there'll be a grease spot on your coat or something else to remind you that it is the servant who runs the show — not the man who has paid a scheduled price but who doesn't get value for his money unless he pays blackmail as well.

When the first signs of habitual tipping began to appear in the South 30 years ago, several States made gestures at curbing it by law, as did also Washington and Iowa. The West and South are the last frontiers of pioneer Americanism. I recall the days, not so long ago but before the South acquired good roads, when it might be close to an insult to offer money to a farmer or villager who had toiled manfully to help me get my car out of a mudhole. On walking trips, I have been rowed across rivers by Southern mountaineers who thus had to cross the stream twice and who were astonished, even slightly offended, when I offered to pay a regular ferryman's fee for what they regarded as a neighborly gesture. With good roads, those days are largely past, and now "nothing for nothing" is more generally the rule. But there are still areas in the South and West where few functionaries expect a tip and others are apt to refuse one when offered.

Racketeering in Disguise

Of course the city and the Eastern city in particular is where tipping flourishes at its worst. Restaurants, clubs, apartment houses, department stores, beauty parlors, filling stations, telephone call stations, bootblack stands, taxis, all harbor employees who expect that extra coin which used to be given, *pour boire*, to the servant because he was a serf or little better than one. The dweller in an apartment house or residential hotel goes to and fro daily past a row of expectant palms — doorman, hallman, elevator operators, superintendent (glorified janitor) and helpers, maids. He must give Christmas presents too, preferably cash, to all, else service is apt to be subject to various delays and little accidents and performed with veiled insolence. In a good restaurant you are expected to tip the headwaiter, the captain, the waiter, the hat-check girl, and the cigarette girl — if you are sap enough to buy cigarettes from her at more than the regular price. The more beautiful she thinks she is, the bigger the tip she will expect.



The hat-check service and the public telephone call station are illustrations of the vicious circle in which tipping has moved. Both were originally installed as courtesies, conveniences for patrons which would bring additional good will to the restaurant and the telephone company. But urbanites with more money than brains began handing coins to the individual in charge, usually a pretty girl, and the damage was done. Today the telephone company expects patrons to pay most of the girl operator's wage, while the hat-check concession has become so valuable that $5,000 and more yearly have been paid for it in a New York night club, and the girl who tends it is now paid a salary and forbidden to keep a penny of the money she takes in. Yet dumb, impressionable males still hand her tips, some because they are afraid not to, others with a leer and what they conceive to be a sort of caressing badinage, pretending to themselves that they are conferring a bounty on her.

Your excuse for tipping is: "These people get such small salaries I know they need the money."

Well, who is to blame for the small salaries? Primarily, you are. You have developed the tipping system to a point where employers rely on it. Pretending to supply you with food or service at a stated price, they know you will give the employees who serve you the rough equivalent of what the employers are saving in wages. You fool yourself into believing that you lodge or eat for a certain figure when the real cost is much higher. By the time you have tipped everybody at a hotel, your expenses may easily run from 50 cents to $1.50 per day more than the quoted price for a room, depending on how lavishly you tip.

Tipping has been raised to its present absurd importance largely by the show-off mentality and the deadly fear of 99 out of 100 Americans of being thought pikers by their fellows. It also gives the donor the opportunity to feel lordly and superior to the person tipped — a laughable bit of self-deception, for the so-

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called servant does not regard himself as an inferior nor the tip as a kindness on your part. It was once a gratuity thankfully received or a reward for special service. Now it has come to be regarded as payment due, no matter whether extra service or even decent service is given or not.

This explains why some hotels pay their bellboys no salary at all. One big establishment in New York was recently found to be paying its bellboys 4 cents a day. A survey of 28,000 restaurants in New York a few years ago brought confessions from many proprietors that they couldn't stay in business if the public did not for the most part support their waiters. Many others were equally frank in admitting that their prices for food took into consideration the fact that the public paid most of the cost of service.

Even when you are a friend's house guest in the country you must tip all or nearly all the servants on leaving. There is nothing that the host and hostess can do about this. Many people are completely at a loss to know how much to tip under such circumstances. Therefore social pundits write articles gravely telling us just how much to part with to each lackey, and the pernicious habit becomes a little more deeply engrained.

Who doesn't remember the old advertising gibe at the man who couldn't read the French menu: *What is the waiter thinking?* In heaven's name, why should any intelligent person care what a waiter is thinking? Why, because 99 per cent of us are swanking, trying to make ourselves out richer and more important and more sophisticated than we really are, and we are dreadfully self-conscious in the presence of a flunky who, we fear, can see through us.

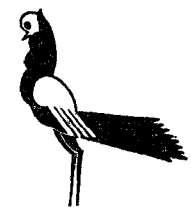
Did you ever dine at a fashionable restaurant with a wealthy person who is inordinately proud of his friendship with a favorite waiter and with the headwaiter? Perhaps he shakes hands with each and exchanges inquiries about the health of the wife and children. This proves to the gaping onlookers that he is just as much at home at this luxurious resort as in his own living room and undoubtedly throws money around as if it were ditchwater. But it is the testimony of the people who work for tips themselves that, the longer the rich have had their money, the less they are apt to tip. They are accustomed to having servants about them who work for wages, not for tips, and they care not a snap of the finger what the waiter or taxi driver is thinking. It is the near-rich, the parvenu, the would-be, and the show-off who worry about the impression they are making.

Polite Blackmail

One of the worst features of the tipping madness is that it is taking a firm hold on the habits of low-income folk in the cities and cutting into earnings where expenses are already too high for comfort. In New York, where senseless tipping reaches its peak, you will see clerks and salesgirls eating twenty-cent lunches at a soda fountain and tipping the soda jerker five or ten cents. Patrons of an "automat," who receive no service from anybody, either from force of habit or from a feeling that they've just got to tip somebody often leave a nickel or a dime on the table, to be picked up either by the bus boy or, as not infrequently happens, by some other diner! It's a wonder they don't tip the mechanical contrivances from which they take their food.

Vying with this practice for asininity are the tips given to the barber, the bootblack, and the taxi driver. Even the proprietor of the small barbershop, who works one of the chairs, accepts his tip with no apparent embarrassment. As for the taxi driver, he does nothing for you save what is in his implied contract — he carries you from where you hail him to where you want to go. Furthermore, he will sometimes cheat you a little, if he can, by going around an extra block or so, to run up the fare on the meter; and yet New York long ago, for no earthly reason, inaugurated the practice of giving him a tip. Al Jolson used to get a laugh by remarking casually in the course of a story that he had taken a taxi from Manhattan out to his home on Long Island — "The fare was twenty-nine ninety, and with the tip that made just thirty dollars" — a gibe at the stingy tipper at which audiences roared delightedly.

A survey made by the Motor Transit Committee of New York 7 years ago resulted in an estimate that New York City had paid its taxi drivers $26,000,000 in tips in 1930. This was one and a half times the total passenger revenue of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad for that year, twice that of the Erie, and 5 times



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that of the Reading or the Lackawanna. The taxi tip has now a firm hold on other Eastern cities and is speeding westward. Even in Washington, long one of the most American of our cities, you may now have a sneer tossed after you if you fail to tip a taxi driver.

Metropolitan salesgirls themselves are among the stupidest tippers when they go shopping. I know one woman earning from $25 to $30 a week in a big New York department store who, in two hours of shopping, handed out $3 in tips — $1 to the woman who fitted a corset on her, 50 cents to another who fitted her with gloves, and so on. Here note the difference between "aristocracy" and the rest of us: The saleswomen in the finer Fifth Avenue coat and gown shops are not offered as many tips as are those in the more plebeian department stores! And the people who do the tipping in the former are apt to be movie actresses.

The notion of tipping a store salesman or saleswoman will strike most of America dumb with amazement; yet it is common metropolitan practice. Regular customers thus get the employee under obligation to them or greedy for more and bigger tips; and, when a special sale is scheduled, the tippee may sequestrate articles which he believes his generous tippers would like to have first chance to buy. This is the borderland of commercial bribery — where, after all, a considerable percentage of our tipping belongs.

Just before Christmas in New York you may see housewives handing the managers of chain grocery stores Christmas gifts of $1 or upward; and the managers are not too proud, not too dignified to accept them, either. Think you that the women who tip most at Yuletide are not waited on first, do not have their purchases delivered ahead of the rest? And do they not get the choicest fruits and vegetables? Yes, dear reader, they do.

I overheard a salesgirl saying that she couldn't afford a permanent at the moment; besides the $5 charge, there'd be a $1.50 tip.

"Why tip so much?" asked an older friend. "I certainly wouldn't."

"Oh, everybody does it," was the reply. "That is, almost everybody except a few sorta cheap guys that get by on a dollar. If you give any less than that, they'd probably throw it back in your face. Lots of people tip two bucks."

These girls, when they get a 35-cent hair rinse, tip 15 cents — more than 40 per cent. And the operators who accept these nice tips, official investigations have shown, are very often beginners, novices who draw no salary but have been assured by the shop proprietors that the tips alone will give them a good income.

Why should redcaps at railroad stations be dependent for a living entirely on the generosity of the traveler, and why should the traveler be annoyed and influenced by his fear of seeming cheap? There should be a fixed price for the carriage of each and every piece of baggage.

In New York the theoretical price of a shoeshine is a nickel; but if you do not give the bootblack a dime he is outraged and will probably tell you so.

In Hollywood some of the world's wildest tipping goes on, not only in public places but in the studios. When they finish making a picture, the stars and headliners tip everybody who has taken part in the production, handing out $10 here, $50 there, and so on up to $500 or more. Movie actors draw large salaries and must have the public reputation of being good fellows and good spenders. Here again the tip has become a vested right. Cameramen, technicians, and others have long memories, and there are ways of getting back at the actor who doesn't come across. A certain star gave her dresser a car and supplied a chauffeur to teach her how to drive it! Beauty-shop operators who catch the fancy of a woman star may be given an automobile or a house and lot or set up in a business o their own.

Why Cling to Degradation?

These righter times have brought some rumblings of discontent with the system. Last October, Solon C. Ball, President of the National Council of Dining Car Employees, asserted that train passengers were "sick and tired of tipping" and had "virtually abolished the tipping practice" — a considerable overstatement. Hence his organization was asking a minimum salary of $150 a month and the prohibition of tipping. Laudable as the idea was, it was too revolutionary to put over all of a sudden. A few hotels and restaurants are trying to curb tipping by adding 10 per cent to the bill for "service" — an amusing way of

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saving the American face. In a large uptown meat market in New York City, this sign recently appeared on the wall:

> PLEASE DO NOT TIP THE BUTCHERS. YOU ARE ENTITLED TO COURTEOUS AND CAREFUL SERVICE.

However, it is hard to stop the average American's tipping by any sort of rule.

Italy and Germany have halted tipping by this ten-per-cent rule — and no "maybes"! France pretends to frown on tipping, but no rule is enforced, and there is much bad service and insolence in Paris now. In some other countries of Europe you still must bribe the man at a railroad ticket window, else you are told that there are no sleeper berths, perhaps not even first-class seats, left. Are we headed for this sort of thing in America? Even now, people who have the cash and will grease the right palms can often obtain theater, football, or prize-fight tickets in preferred locations or can buy them when others are told that no seats are left.

What sane, intelligent American is there who wouldn't rather pay a fixed and slightly higher price for food or service and be rid of the bother and mutual degradation of tipping? If the practice should, by a miracle, cease tomorrow, employees, unions, and labor boards would quickly force employers to raise wages — those who hadn't already done it themselves. Service, I think, would be better, employees would no longer be "servants," and employee and patron would be able to meet and part on a basis of mutual and businesslike respect.

Song

Let him eat,
who would live merry,
of the red
and lonely berry.

Let him drink,
who would be wise,
the slanting crystal
of the skies.

Who would have
a heart made sound,
let him sleep
against the ground.

With rain for thirst
and thorn for bread
and a rock
beneath his head,

he will thrive
within his grove,
he will feast
on lack of love.

Frances Frost

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Is the United States a Permanent Country?

by **MORRIS LLEWELLYN COOKE**

"THE EARTHWORM population of Illinois is falling at a tragic rate!"

This was a distinguished engineer's way of saying that soil erosion prompted by man's careless methods of land use is undermining the very foundation of America's existence. The assertion was made in 1927 before a congressional committee considering appropriations for flood control on the Mississippi River, and it is even truer today than it was then. Any fisherman knows that worms are not found in sand or in soils either desiccated or devoid of humus.

Those occasions when water piles up in the main stems of our large rivers — the Ohio, the Missouri, or the Connecticut, for instance — so that they overflow their banks, are dramatic. The blow strikes suddenly with a minimum of warning. The railroads are paralyzed, homes are devastated, and sometimes lives are lost. The structure of normal living is temporarily shattered. On the other hand, there is nothing spectacular about soil losses — nothing to make headlines. Rather they represent a steady drain which, beginning in the early days of our country, has been greatly accelerated since the turn of the century through easily identified causes. Effectually meeting this threat will require an effort quite out of scale with any the Republic has heretofore been called on to make.

Unless there is a marked change in our present agricultural methods, we have, as a virile nation, perhaps less than 100 years to go. The United States is not a permanent country unless we make it so. It is not permanent in the sense that England and Ireland and Holland are permanent. Why the difference? England has a sod agriculture affording the maximum of protection for her soils, with fairly constant and always gentle rains. In this country we have developed a plowed — and in the case of corn, cotton, and tobacco a cultivated — agriculture, exposing our soils over wide areas to the destructive battering of normally heavy downpours.

When white men first reached these shores the forests covered fully twice their present area, and, except for a small area of desert and waste land, the balance of what is now the continental United States had a protective cover of grass. The dominant type of agriculture first practiced — and this naturally on the more level areas — did no great harm. The products of each farm were consumed on that farm, except for a minimum of localized barter. A large part of each farm was retained in grass; there was a plentiful use of animal manure on the plowed fields; and both rotation and diversification of crops were practiced. The ominous exception was the tobacco culture of the South.

But the struggle for cash crops has progressively changed all this. Single-crop farming — cotton and tobacco in the South and wheat and corn in the West — has removed the tree and grass cover over increasingly large areas and in some sections has led to the use of artificial fertilizers in place of animal manure. Our fast spreading system of farm tenancy affords little incentive for the farmers to care for the soil. To exhaust one farm and move on to the next has been the custom. Increase in the population and the movement of that population westward have led to the utilization of less fertile, more sloping, and therefore more erosible areas. The drainage of swamplands on a wide scale has not only brought poor land into agricultural use but also has frequently ruined adjacent land by lowering the levels of subsurface waters.

One of America's great teachers — Shaler

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Woodcut by Thomas W. Nason *Courtesy Weyhe Gallery*

of Harvard — once said of our civilization:

> It is now a question whether human culture, which rests upon the use of the soil, can devise and enforce ways of dealing with the earth which will preserve this source of life so that it may support the men of the ages to come. If this cannot be done we must look forward to the time — remote it may be, yet clearly discernible — when our kind, having wasted its great inheritance, will fade from the earth because of the ruin it has accomplished.

Congressman Maury Maverick in his *A Maverick American* quotes a warning issued in 1818 in South Carolina:

> This system [of agricultural practices], if it may be so called, of perpetual exhaustion, has impoverished our lands to an alarming degree, and if pursued for half a century more, would make this interesting portion of the state a perfect desert . . . and ruined from future recovery by deep washed gullies, etc.

On a recent visit the Congressman found the prediction completely fulfilled. He quotes an ancestor as saying, "The best citizen is the one who fills in the most gullies."

Man-Made Floods

Water in increasing proportions runs off the land instead of sinking into the soil. The faster it runs off, the more damage it does, first in eroding the land and later in overflowing the banks of streams and filling costly reservoirs with the products of erosion. This increase, both in the amount and in the rapidity with which rain and melting snow run off the land, is primarily responsible for the increase in the vehemence of floods and for low water in our streams. Most streams are fed by springs which go dry progressively as the subsurface water levels fall. There has been no change in the weather sufficient to account for the growing extremes in both high and low water.

We are facilitating floods through several types of man-made channels. As a small boy I knew the main road from Gettysburg to Harrisburg in Pennsylvania. During winter and spring there were times when it lay ankle and knee deep in mud and water. That same road has well-maintained ditches, on either side, not only draining the roadbed but quickly carrying the water falling on the roadway and the adjacent fields to nearby streams. We have today 3,000,000 miles of public roads with well-maintained ditches on either side — 6,000,000 miles of drainage trenches standing ready to hurry the raindrop to the sea. Most of these ditches are less than 50 years old.

There are also millions of newly made gullies in every State in the Union — some of them more than 100 feet deep — feeding down to the roadside ditches directly into the streams. Into most gullies lead many smaller gullies. One can easily identify 1,000 gullies on a photograph in my possession of a completely eroded farm in the Piedmont of Alabama. Gullying is a cancerous growth that feeds on itself. Even the depressions between crop rows that run up and down hillside slopes provide gutters down which rainfall rushes into the nearest stream.

Thus natural waterways, from the smallest

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streams to the largest rivers, are called on to take care of an enormously increased volume of water speeding from millions of acres of unabsorptive, erosion-exposed subsoil and from hundreds of millions of new tributaries developed as the result of improper land use and the changes man has made in the natural environment. Obviously we are asking our rivers to carry, over occasional short periods, more water than they were created to carry. Rain and water from melting snow, which should be sinking *into* the ground, is rushing *over* it, contributing to erosion and floods, dust storms and disease and poverty.

An especially sinister factor in this situation is that after the topsoil goes — and it takes several hundred years for nature to make *one inch* of topsoil — the unstable subsoil begins to erode and go downstream. Before long you find this unfertile material — water-assorted sand and "raw" clay — blanketing our fertile valley lands. In the recent report of the Great Plains Committee is shown a photograph of a 16-foot-thick section taken in Coon Valley, Wisconsin. The lower 10 feet are obviously of fertile silt, 10,000 years in being deposited. But the upper 5 feet are just as obviously sandy material deposited in the last 60 years — or since eroding forms of agriculture have been established in the area draining into it.

Prodigal America

Almost up to the beginning of the present administration, the term *conservation* was considered all but synonymous with reforestation. The event which first gave national currency to the term — the governors' conference called by President Theodore Roosevelt and held at the White House in December, 1907 — was largely a forestry show, because of the dramatic presentation by Forester Gifford Pinchot and of the further conviction of the then head of the Bureau of Soils of the Department of Agriculture, as follows:

> The soil is the one indestructible, immutable asset that the nation possesses. It is the one resource that can not be exhausted; that can not be used up. As a national asset the soil is safe as a means of feeding mankind for untold ages to come.

But, by the time Franklin D. Roosevelt came to the presidency, the evidence that all was not well with the lands of the United States was too striking to be ignored further. The average yield per acre of our principal grain crops had been declining, notwithstanding improved cultural techniques, advances in crop improvement and animal breeding, and the use of fertilizers and lime. Year by year the acreage of abandoned farms was increasing, as evidenced by the fact that 29 States east of the Mississippi River and 3 States west of it showed marked decreases in farm acreage between 1920 and 1930. Again erosion in its various stages was nearly everywhere visible; and gullying, especially in certain sections of the South and West, had caused complete abandonment and ruin of farms. Further, practically all our streams were carrying an obviously increased load of silt. Three million tons of soil, according to reliable estimates, are stripped by water erosion alone from the fields and pastures of the country every year — the soil equivalent of 1,500,000 acres, or enough to load a train that would encircle the globe 18 times at the equator.

When the Soil Conservation Service was organized in 1933, 100,000,000 acres of agricultural lands had been essentially ruined, in so far as further immediate cultivation is concerned; 100,000,000 more acres had lost most or all of their productive topsoil; and the process of wastage had begun actively on still another 100,000,000 acres. Most of this land could have been saved, had we not developed early in our American life the habit of thinking of our agricultural domain as limitless and inexhaustible or had we not fallen into the extravagant habit of clearing a farm, using it until its vitals had been washed away, and then turning to the once bountiful and seemingly inexhaustible store of virgin land for another farm.

Attention is beginning to be diverted from the soil-erosion situation through the promotion of two important and apparently tenable theses. We are told, in language that lures, first, that a full regimen of synthetic foods — largely chemically derived — is at hand; second, that such foods as are grown will have their roots in pans of water electrically heated and chemically treated. This latter is called "tray" agriculture.

Only a rash person would deny the possibility of radical future changes in methods of growing foodstuffs and in the diet of man and beast. But, if authoritative estimates of the rate at

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which soil and water waste are progressing are even measurably accurate, we have less than a generation in which to get these matters under control. Irrespective of what may be accomplished in the laboratory in such a brief period in the way of devising better methods of forcing plant growth, it is hardly possible that such developments will in the near future appreciably affect the grand total of agricultural production. It is frequently possible to affect radically and in a very short time some narrow sector of human activity. But our millions of farmers are individualistic and rooted in old ways. They change slowly.

New and sound ideas as to the utility of synthetic foods are to be expected. But, in view of the many thousands of years during which the digestive systems of man and beast have developed, we can expect only negligible changes in diet in the decades during which the nation is to conquer soil erosion or be conquered by it. Unfortunately the promises of developments in these two fields do tend to create a psychology which diverts us from our urgent task.

We must now face the fact that as a nation we are in the same position as an individual who has been told by the doctor that he has tuberculosis or cancer. We are well along in an earth disease that, unless checked, will be our undoing as certainly as neglected cancer or tuberculosis are the undoing of an individual. Neither individuals nor nations snap out of deadly diseases. But, when the doctor's advice is taken early enough and seriously enough, nations as well as individuals can expect reasonable recovery.

A Practical Program

The Soil Conservation Service early in its drive adopted the co-ordinated or complete land-treatment plan as its method for controlling erosion and conserving more of the water that falls on the land. Since then, the Service has successfully followed the plan throughout the country in a program which now involves more than 500 conservation project areas in 43 States. These projects comprise approximately 18,000,000 acres of privately owned land and 38,000,000 acres of public land and have enlisted the enthusiastic support of 50,000 co-operating farmers. Probably more than 150 different methods of land treatment and gully control are being employed to fit local conditions of soil, topography, climate, and type of agriculture. Among the more outstanding practices are contour cultivation; terracing; strip cropping; rotations; retirement of critically erosible areas to the permanent protection of grass, trees, or shrubs; improvement of farm woodlands; pasture and range improvement; control of gullies; conservation of water in small ponds and reservoirs; water diversion and spreading; and rehabilitation of wild life. Co-operating with this national program, 70,000 members of the Civilian Conservation Corps engaged on soil and water conservation, working on more than 4,000,000 acres located in 38 States, during the last fiscal year planted 112,000,000 trees, collected 2,110,000 pounds of tree seed, and built 2,302,805 check dams and 7,000 miles of fences.

The Department of Agriculture, under the invalidated Agricultural Adjustment Authority act, sought to divert lands producing surplus crops to hay and pasture. Under the substitute legislation, the Department makes grants to farmers who plant soil-conserving crops and follow other water and soil conserving practices. Twenty-two States have already enacted legislation, recommended by the Department, designed to promote conservation. President Roosevelt's plan for dividing the country into seven conservation districts means regional planning for regional problems, wherein upstream engineering, covering the whole field of soil and water conservation, will be co-ordinated with downstream activities.

Although more has been done during the last three years to curb accelerated runoff and erosion than in all our previous history, damage and wastage through the dual process are still spreading faster than control measures are being applied. Even so, on the basis of what has been accomplished, I am convinced that it is possible to get under way a proper land-use program which within 15 or 20 years could be applied to all land urgently needing treatment and that the job could be completed about as effectively as man can hope to complete it within 30 or 40 years. The cost, necessary and wholly worth-while as it is, will be tremendous. But could it be otherwise? Remember that in salvaging the situation we will be paying the bills for a profligacy running back 200 years and more.

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In any crisis the first requisite of ultimate victory is a sensing of the difficulties. Here we have to admit that science does not yet know how adequately to safeguard all types of land used for agricultural purposes. We are learning and learning fast, but old techniques must be improved, and new ones are still to be worked out. If the ravages of our soils and the lessening of our water reserves are to be arrested, a vast peacetime army will have to be recruited, and this personnel is yet to be educated and trained. Most difficult of all, millions of landowners and land operators must be convinced that the right to possess and to use land carries with it the obligation to safeguard it, as was provided in the Napoleonic code.

Our attack along these lines must be immediate and energetic, for really serious illness can be successfully attacked only in the early stages. In other words, unless we have this gangrenous growth of soil erosion well in hand within the next 20 to 25 years, efforts made subsequently will have to be heavily discounted, because our certain penalty will be the rise of a whole new series of physical, economic, and social problems that will stand effectually in the path of American progress.

Peacetime Sacrifice

Before it is too late to matter much, the American people must learn the great difference between financial accounting and social accounting. To date, the worth-whileness of practically all our peacetime activities has been judged by the one all-compelling standard of the market place, i.e., whether they pay tangibly in dollars and cents. Such judgments are reached by the techniques of financial accounting, as contrasted with a social accounting which operates on a long-time point of view and has in mind the interest of all of us rather than of a single individual or of a restricted group.

A Texan recently inherited a farm property from his father, who had paid $1 an acre for it at a time when it was capable of producing a bale of cotton to the acre. Notwithstanding the fact that it had deteriorated so that it produced only one eighth of a bale to the acre, it was recently sold for $150 an acre. This transaction appears splendid from the standpoint of financial accounting but not so good when judged by the long-time interests of a free people. If there is one lesson which the depression has taught, it is that what may be good for the individual may be disastrous for society as a whole; conversely, what is good for society will prove in the end to be good for the individual.

It may be sound constitutionally to allow John Doe and Richard Roe to ruin their farms, through failing to practice soil-conserving measures, on the ground that they have title in fee simple. But, if enough people are allowed to act on this theory for just a few more decades, we will not have enough farms to feed us.

Confronted by such a problem as that of conserving the waters and soils of our country, one wonders whether the democracies of the world are calling for enough sacrifices in the pursuit of peacetime activities, as the dictatorships are undoubtedly doing. May it not be that the standards of the market place are insidiously shortening and narrowing our point of view? Democracies give a good account of themselves in war — why not in peace? Why, if it is of good repute to die that one's country may live in security and freedom, should it not be of at least equal repute to live for the same purpose and to sacrifice in so doing? If we are to save our basic resources of soil and water, we individually must sow more than we shall ever reap in our own lifetime!

Only so can we follow Vachel Lindsay's lead in saying:

Come, let us see that all men
Have land to catch the rain,
Have grass to snare the spheres of dew,
And fields spread for the grain.

Only so can the American dream be fulfilled.

In an early issue:
"Survival of the Fittest—for What?"
by Jean Ricochet Boyd

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FOOD

The World on a Flabby Diet

by **FORD MADOX FORD**

THE SUBJECT of food is almost never seriously treated. Certainly it is almost never treated by one who has followed food itself from the furrowed fields to the market places, the public feeding establishments, the public stomach, and, above all, the public psychology after its consumption. For a page or two devoted to these topics you can find a daily 100,000 in the world's press given over to the disasters caused by eating improper foods and to the food fads of the moment, whether they emanate from the white-rat-haunted laboratories of stamp-collecting physicians or from pseudoscientific state culinary establishments or are merely the nightmare crazes of individuals inspired by their grandmothers.

But regional industries are responsible for perhaps the most influential of all food movements today.

Thus in a brochure from southern France that I possess you may read that of all vegetables the endive is the most deleterious for humanity, whilst the tomato has all the virtues of the fountain of youth. The endive will not grow in the district where that brochure is circulated, whereas almost the entire population grows tomatoes for the market.

Similarly, round about Arras doctors tell you that the only really salubrious vegetable is the winter-grown endive, which consists of nothing at all but three types of vitamins. The tomato, on the other hand, is the father of all uric-acid complaints. You do not have to be told that the winter-endive crop of north France is worth hundreds of millions of francs and that tomatoes cannot be commercially grown there.

So the medical advisers of the Bordelais will tell the world that a sufficiency of claret per day will keep the doctor away because of the relatively large quantity of beneficent tartaric acid in that fluid, whilst the Burgundian leech will proclaim that Clos Vougeot should be your only drinking. Not to be outdone, the whole medical faculty of hard-liquor–producing States to the west of the Atlantic will write monthly articles for their favorite papers to declare that you should drink nothing but local hard liquor because it contains none of that poison called tartaric acid.

Nor indeed are these pronouncements merely venal: that is what makes the whole matter so confusing. The inhabitants of regions where flourish only the endive, hard liquor, and razorbacked hogs will develop an immunity to them from the constant consumption of those difficult comestibles; but the same foods will poison a visitor from lands where the chief fare is *foie gras*, ortolans, bouillabaisse, and tomatoes.

Most desperate of all is the situation in our

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great cities. Here mingle doctors from Chattanooga, Denver, Baltimore, Boston, and South Michigan, also a sprinkling from Munich, Aberdeen, and Dublin, with patients from 46 States and 19 foreign kingdoms and republics. One of these medicos will prescribe to a suffering alien from Marseilles the sowerbelly with beans cooked in pot liquor and washed down with one-year-old bourbon that he quite conscientiously believes to be the only fare of a proper man. To a sufferer whose digestion will support only vegetable plate, grilled sausages, and pancakes with maple sirup, another will prescribe a diet of *escargots*, *tournedos Meyerbeer*, *île flottante de la Tante Marie*, and *poule au pot Henri IV* — a dish in which cloves of garlic are used, instead of white beans, as a bed on which the fowl shall repose. On the other hand every doctor from regions meridional knows that to deprive his patients of garlic is to sentence them for all the latter years of their lives to inevitable and incurable arthritic complaints.

Let us then here consider food from the point of view neither of the leering gourmand nor yet of the esoteric and frightening gourmet; from that of neither the confused physician nor the determinedly economical housekeeper; neither from the point of view of the superstitious peasant healer nor from that of the town dweller bemused by the latest white-rat-begotten laboratory craze. Let us look at it rather with the equanimity and seriousness of the grown, free man who has sufficiently studied its effects on himself to be able to order his menus with confidence and the knowledge that he will get from what he has ordered not merely nourishment but all the mnemonic and psychological benefits that good food which has been properly raised, manured, fattened, and marketed can bestow.

Let us begin then by considering the national and race disasters that befall men who neglect this knowledge — and then let us see how such disasters can be avoided.

The Enzyme Era

Twenty-five years ago the present Queen Dowager of England sent for a writer who shall here be nameless but who had a certain reputation even then as a food expert. She put him through quite a severe cross-examination as to certain advice about the food of the poorer classes which he had offered in a recent book.

Her Majesty wanted to know why the author had recommended that his poorer readers buy not chilled or frozen colonial meat but the more expensive, better flavored, British, home-fed and -killed article. She said that, when she herself was young and engaged in managing the household of a family rather poorly endowed for the position it had to maintain, she had always ordered her servants to buy colonial meat for the family. It was certainly inferior in flavor (owing, she understood, to the amount of sand in foreign and colonial pastures) but cost 25 per cent less than English meat; and beggars cannot be choosers. Yet this writer, who, she was told was reputed to have a certain expertness in such matters, advised the poorer classes to buy nothing but the dearer article. What was one to think of it?

Well, in those days the popular mind was exercised with (just as it is today with vitamins) what it took to be minute living organisms called enzymes. These, it was believed — and the main idea was not discountenanced by the medical profession — ran around in freshly slaughtered meats and freshly gathered vegetables. They preserved and, in some cases, enhanced the flavor of those foods, thus rendering them more nutritive. And they gave them, after *rigor mortis* was over, a second and highly salutary life on the road to putrefaction — or digestion. Freezing meats, the enzymists asserted, killed the enzymes that otherwise kept them alive and assimilable. That process alone rendered the meats up to 40 per cent less nutritive, and the deterioration in flavor was even more harmful to digestion. But you do not need the theory of enzymes to tell you that — which is indeed the main point with which this commentary is concerned.

So the poorer British classes, to whom the matter of assimilability is of paramount importance, when they bought frozen or otherwise preserved meats made a saving of up to 25 per cent in money. But they lost 40 per cent, at least, in nourishment. To the Queen the idea seemed nonsensical. But the outside world accepted it with enthusiasm.

However, it was very easy to test. You needed neither guinea pigs nor white rats for the purpose. You just put three broods of

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chickens in separate pens and fed them on pastes made respectively of frozen, sun-dried, and fresh fish, flesh, and vegetables. You then observed that the hens fed with fresh paste simply ran away from those in the other pens. They laid, moreover, more and larger eggs, and their droppings made a guano of incomparable benefit for your gardens. Above all, their flesh was extremely delicate in flavor. The sun-dried products proved noticeably less nourishing than the fresh ones but vastly more so than the frozen. The flesh of the frozen-fed birds was flaccid and almost without flavor. And let me repeat again: It is the flavor — and particularly the anticipated flavor — of meats that makes the mouth water; and the water of the mouth is the best of all aids to digestion and assimilation.

Note that it is not alone the skill of the chef that accounts for this matter of flavor. A good chef can make a good dish out of almost anything, but the really perfect dish needs the cooperation of several agents, the first and most important of whom is the original breeder or grower of the food. With a little trouble I could raise for you off the same sort of ground almost anywhere in temperate regions two kinds of sheep — on the one hand the little, active, long-lived, hardy variety, with all the mint, rosemary, cumin, bay, and juniper intricacies of flavor and the saline aroma that makes Welsh mutton from the sea cliffs among the most prized meat in the world; on the other hand the original type of Kentish sheep of the Romney Marsh, from which all sheep are descended: a solid, stolid, greasy-wooled beast, with meat which is, even when perfectly cooked, always dampish, tallowy, completely tasteless, and hardly to be assimilated by the hungriest of hunters. This latter is, of course, the ordinary sheep of commerce, which can be raised anywhere on the sourest and dullest of inland meadow grasses and which gives to mutton (when properly fed and hung, perhaps the best of all meats and the only meat you can eat day after day from year's end to year's end) its heavy reputation with the general public.

It was with these matters of nutrition that the enzyme specialist of both sides of the Atlantic occupied himself in the years before Armageddon, and the public health during those years made a marked advance in both countries. But toward 1910 the big food purveyors, realizing that the great public demand was for "fresh" meats and vegetables, began to use boric acid and then various coal-tar products as preservatives. Infant mortality from bowel complaints went up by leaps and bounds in districts round the great cities where those preservatives were much used, especially for dairy products; and various enormously capitalized food-purveying companies began to raise a clamor promoting certain processes which, if they diminished the nutritive quality of their wares, stopped short of perforating infantine bowels.

This caused confusion, and, in the tumults of war and its worse sequelae, the enzyme went. The balance fell down too far and too rapidly in favor of methods — any methods — of mere food *preservation*. You had to take what was offered you and could not wait to inquire whether what you got, on presenting your food card, was properly full of enzymes. So we emerged from the smoke of the guns indoctrinated with a corporate docility that has ever since permitted us to consume placidly whatever is advertised with sufficiently large sums of money.

There came later the vitamin and a world madness that must have surpassed in its complete ignoring of food essentials all the other world madnesses there have ever been. It is one that shows no signs of decreasing. Yesterday in New York this writer sat at dinner beside one of the allegedly most brilliant and attractive of that city's women. She had beside her forks on the tablecloth a number of little squares of paper. With each spoonful of food that she ate, she wrote a number on one or the other of the little squares. She did not speak a single word during the whole admirable meal — except to hiss like a snake when I suggested that she try the curried chicken.

The Subnormal Masses

In the middle months of 1937, from an unwilling War Office, the British House of Commons gradually and painfully elicited a description of the state of recruiting in the United Kingdom. It was then confessed that, of the young men who had offered themselves for enlistment during the preceding twelvemonth, 60 per cent had been rejected on account of their undernourishment.

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For some reason not immediately apparent, a film about starveling, rachitic, tuberculous, syphilitic, and actually crippled young Englishmen and Scots and their rejection by a military authority was made about this time and widely circulated in the United States. It attracted no attention except for a little derision in individual audiences in non–Anglo-Saxon districts where the results of the late war are resented.

It might well have attracted more notoriety. For a nation whose civilization resembles one's own to have discovered that 60 per cent of a section of its youth are unfit to undertake the relatively unexacting exercises of peacetime military service ought to be an alarming circumstance. The conditions of all our "Aryan" civilizations are today so similar that to see any one of the leading nations develop a vital defect is as though, in a headlong motor race, one saw a car identical with his own suddenly, for an unanticipated reason, explode and burst into flames.

For centuries the stocky, shining figure of John Bull stood, above all, for a well-fed race. And now suddenly we see that the plump ideal is actually but a plaster of Paris image; that in fact its martial motions are supplied from inside by a sort of Smike; that it rules its waves by the hands of a poor white with starved features and almost transparent bones. And if it is that way with John Bull how can it be with Marianne, the German Michael, the subjects of the Duce, or the Houri of Constantinople — or indeed with Uncle Sam himself?

It is unnecessary to ascribe the whole process to that well-worn excuse of "Americanization." Tunbridge Wells (of the pantiles, Beau Nash, and the Assemblies) now, in its Grand Rapids furniture stores, its colonial–plus–ersatz-colonial architecture, its completely listless food stores and food, exactly resembles Knoxville, Tennessee. And in the quarter-century of the writer's absence, its poorer populations, just like those of Knoxville, have assumed that alarming meagerness, blue-washed complexion, and transparency of flesh which today alarms and depresses you all through the American Middle West, all through rural England, all down the Rhine, and everywhere in Italy. The logical corollary is the rejection of 60 per cent of the younger populations by the military authorities.

Thus in 25 years of slow wandering and stopping off all over the European and European-descended world between, say, Genoa and the Rocky Mountains, what has most struck this writer is the fact that outside the great administrative cities (whether, that is to say, in Kent, England, or Jackson County, Michigan, whether in Pittsburg, Leeds, Roubaix, or any other of the great industrial cities) every fourth young man he met was nearly a dwarf and every eighth had bad bones, from the artist's point of view. And universally has gone all the one-time zest for consumption of the food in places that once had individualities and distinctive regional dishes. The trouble is not merely that in Virginia or Kentucky it is only with the greatest difficulty that you can procure in hotel or restaurant a slice of country ham — that ham being as rare a titbit from the connoisseur's point of view as Caerphilly lamb itself. It is that, in thirteen months' leisurely lounging from Boston to Denver and back to Detroit, only twice were two travelers offered a meal worth the mention — once in Boston, where we ate a lunch whose seafood was really superb and a French-made dish as good as you could get in Dijon herself; once, wonderfully, in a Baltimore & Ohio railway train. Oh, yes — and once on a New York to Boston boat, a goodish dinner of the traditional Anglo-Saxon sort, served very harmoniously and with a really admirable Chateau Pavie 1923.

Mass Production in Food

A complete listlessness about food is enwrapping European and European-descended life. The public foods of the regions about Genoa are exactly the same and identically as uninteresting as the public food in Colorado and exactly the same as the public food on the great international expresses, the boarding houses, or the Palace hotels anywhere in England or Scotland or between Munich and Kalamazoo. But, while the public anywhere will accept the most barefaced substitutes for the foods its fathers knew, the inhabitants of many localities maintain a pitifully patriotic belief that their cooking is wonderful because Mother used to make good cookies. Nothing is more pathetic than the Londoner's belief that really, somewhere, if you have time to find it, there is a London cooking of an underdone-beef–and–Yorkshire-pudding copiousness.

The tendency is universal. The United

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States is not the only country in which you can travel 16,000 miles without once being offered a properly heated meal on a properly heated plate. You can do it in every country in the world as long as you stick to the great trade and tourist routes. Whole vast, docile masses of the population of Paris eat exactly as do vast docile masses in New York, Chicago, Detroit, and Philadelphia. They are too pressed for time, too weary, and in the end too indifferent to do otherwise. Nearly all of them have suppressed predilections for the cooking of the State of Maine or the Beauce or English Yorkshire. But these are difficult to find in the great cities, and people at last sink into daily feeding in the great standardized caravansaries where everything tastes alike and nothing has any flavor at all.

Suppose we are dining in one of those establishments. It might be anywhere, but it happens to be on the Boulevard St. Germain in Paris. It is vast, chilly, lugubrious. Its clientele is the slightly better-off lower middle class and the more impoverished higher bourgeois and bureaucratic class. It offers you an immense bill of fare from which you may select 4 courses for 10 francs — say 33 cents.

We are offered venison from the Drôme, veal after the fashion of Liége, salmon steak from the Loire. But we are quite aware that nothing comes from the province for which it is named. The salmon arrives in cans from North America; the Liége veal is from the most depressed regions in the vicinity of Paris; the venison is overhung mutton of the cheapest Algerian variety. And all the meats have exactly the same consistency, and are dominated by the same faint, sickly subflavor. These things have been cooked with a vegetable fat that not only has none of the flavors of carbonized butter, olive oil, or lard but has the quality of being completely unassimilable at the temperature of the human stomach and is, therefore, absolutely nonnutritive.

The vegetables in our restaurant have the flavorlessness of green matter whose cells have been burst by long exposure to too great cold; the fruits all have the singular nauseousness of the chemical preservatives which must be used by California fruitgrowers in products destined for distant markets — and no other flavor. The oranges have printed on them in good Anglo-Saxon the statement that they are artificially colored. They reproduce in an enhanced degree here in Paris the inevitable tastelessness of the California orange in New York. (Normally you do not get California fruit in Paris; the present troubles in Spain are responsible for the fact that at the moment you get nothing else.)

The chief promoter of nutrition in man and beast is flavor. A steer fed on Michigan or Yorkshire or Ayrshire pastures will fatten faster and have firmer and tastier flesh than the same steer fed on a similar pasturage on the banks of the Marne, the Thames, or the Hudson. Similarly men fed on the beef of Michigan, Yorkshire, or Ayrshire steers, properly grass-fed and moderately cake-fattened, will be better nourished and healthier than men fed on beef that has been plentifully corn-fed from birth. And meat that has been carbonized by exposure to the flame of wood, charcoal, or sea coal will be more nourishing and health-giving than meat carbonized by baking.

It is the carbonization of cooked meats that is of primary importance to nourishment and health. The tongue, suddenly recognizing the sharp, clean flavor of really hot, wood-flame–carbonized, fresh flesh or fowl, telegraphs the pleasant fact at once to the whole being, and all the organs make ready with keenness for their work. At the same time the mind is stimulated in anticipation, then in memory, of other foods, friends, and places where you ate and talked and enjoyed life. The morale of your whole being is heightened.

Good food makes you a good companion and gives you good friends with common memories. As Dr. Lin Yutang said recently in these columns, the preparation and due consumption of food is an art, a manifestation of worship, and a passion, too often, like other passions, disdained. It is the best companion for poetry, for love, for heroism, for faith.

Dismal Substitutes

A quarter of a century ago Queen Mary, as we have seen, was gravely concerned about the food conditions of the poorer classes in England — and that at a time when food was cheap, genuine, well-marketed, assimilable. Conditions continued to become so obviously and lamentably worse that a few years ago the British Government set out to discover what was the proper ration for men above the starvation line. The radios buzzed with talk

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about vitamins; the papers were a maze of calculations of calories in millions. Doctors, priests, sanitary inspectors, art-school directors, colonels, philologists — any human being holding any official position or degree — were encouraged to shoot their knowledge of lettuces and bran into the press. Nothing of course was settled, and, that particular Government falling, the subject languished.

The public was left with the vague impression that a man could live on fourteen pounds of lettuce and ten of bran a week — and still more with the impression that neither the freshness, the provenance, nor yet the preparation of food was of the least importance.

A general practitioner with an immense practice in the north of England gave evidence before a royal commission that amongst his patients the practice of eating bread and butter had completely disappeared. The cutting of bread and spreading it with butter was a tiresome practice for already tired housewives. Mothers therefore gave their children in its stead a pinkish substance called "cake." It was made with steel-rollered flour, most of whose nourishment had been removed, sweetened with glucose — which has no nutritive value at all. It contained also a little of one of those vegetable fats which are completely nonassimilable by the human digestive organs. Its weight and bulk were added to with a little gypsum. That had become the "staff of life" for a whole population.

A great American obstetrician said that he always ordered his expectant and nursing-mother patients to give up all attention to domestic matters during both periods and, where they were not in a position to have servants, to give the household and the child and herself nothing but ready-cooked foods. Thus she might have more time for the improvement of her mind — in the child's interest!

The general effect, then, of all these pressures has been to make the public eschew any domestic process involving prolonged and skillful kitchen work. And the difficulties of obtaining fresh meat and vegetables have been growing greater and greater. It is not to be wondered at that four years ago a distinguished food specialist gave it as his opinion that 80 per cent of the urban populations of both England and the United States never tasted fresh food in their lives.

Let the Stomach Be Your Guide

The writer has crossed the Atlantic both ways 36 times, nearly always (on account of the superior fare) traveling by the French Line. The deterioration of that line's cooking has been very slow, but it has been continuous. Finally, this December, we complained to the ship's maître d'hôtel that, admirable as were his menus from the point of view of selection and method of cooking, the food itself was too faintly flavored — as if with a wet brush you had wiped most of the color off a water color.

He agreed. But, he said, they had found that American passengers strongly objected to duly flavored dishes. If only one properly seasoned dish got onto a menu there were sure to be complaints. That morning, he told us, a lady on board had been given Corsican honey — the real, forever illustrious honey of Hymettus, with its unmatched flavor of white heather and cyclamen and mimosa. She had fainted after the first mouthful, because, she said, she had been given putrescent honey to eat and could not get the taste out of her mouth.

He said that there were three seasick Americans in their berths and that, until they got up and gave permission for a livelier cuisine, things must go on as at present. But, he said, the Line had the best chefs in the world, and, if we cared to order any special dishes, he would undertake to say that his chef would give them to us better than we had ever tasted them.

So we asked where the chef came from, and were told he came from Toulouse. And we said let him then cook for us a *cassoulet de Castelnaudary* — which is baked beans and pork (with additions) such as are eaten only in Elysium and there prepared by a Périgordian cook with ingredients all from the Périgord.

When next day that *cassoulet* came to table it proved to be the best *cassoulet* we had ever eaten, either in Castelnaudary or in all the broad acres of France herself. It stands with the best dishes of our lives — with even the *tournedos Jules*, the invention of the proprietor of the famous restaurant behind the Chamber of Deputies, Chez Marius. And the name of the artist who made for us the unforgettable *cassoulet* was M. Joseph Destrade of the *M.S. Lafayette*.

The moral of this sermon is that ginger may still be hot in the mouth but all hands are needed

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if the ginger is to be saved much longer. The pressure of the forces of listlessness and indifference is too great. That the will of three seasick passengers on a great steamer should be sufficient to condemn the whole vessel to indifferent food is but a lamentable milestone on the long road low tastes are taking to world supremacy.

The great bulk of our populace must continue to feed on frozen or preserved meats and vegetables. But both peoples and governments ought to insist that preserved food be of highest quality and that methods of preservation be the best possible. It is just as easy for the great purveyors of food to see that they can or freeze only lamb of the quality of Welsh lamb; cure only hams of the quality that you can still get round Staunton, Virginia; ensure that all the flavor of the anchovies they take from the Mediterranean is not washed out of them in transit from Marseilles. They have only to order the farmers to feed or manure their products properly. These products may be a little more costly, but superior flavor makes for greater nourishment.

Few of us will dine in regular magnificence until we all have our own truck gardens, poultry runs, dairies. Indigestion now and then is probably the inevitable destiny of dwellers in huge towns. But remember that providence in giving you tastes and preferences has given you the only sure guide to stomachic health.

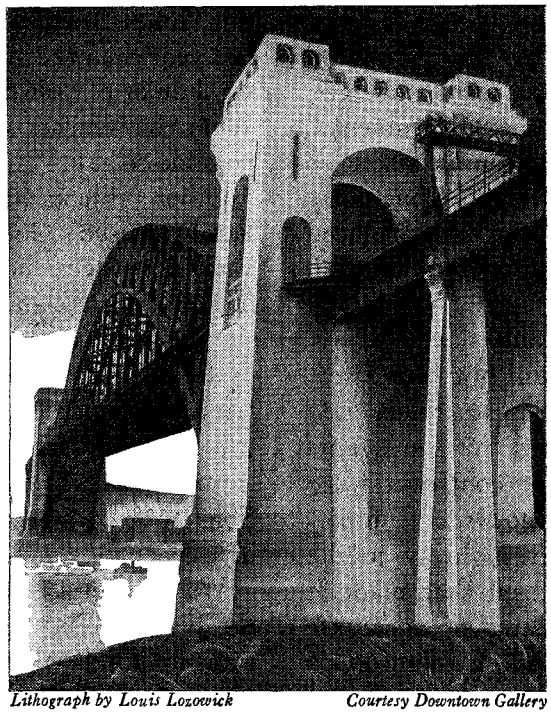
I'll Pay My Own Way

Tolls Take the Strain off Taxes

by **WILSON CHAMBERLAIN**

TOLL BRIDGES, tunnels, highways, and a dozen different kinds of pay-as-you-go public works are cropping up today — harking clear back to our early history, when travelers paid for new highways because there wasn't enough money to build them otherwise. Resentment of private monopolies brought the picturesque old tollgates to an ignominious end. But today public-service corporations prevent profiteering, offering a practical means for us to secure benefits we want without adding to the general burdens of government.

San Francisco's Golden Gate and Oakland Bay bridges — two of the world's largest — are spectacular examples. City or State could never have financed their $100,000,000 cost, though they had been dreams for years. Floated as self-liquidating projects, with bonds issued against prospective tolls, they become immediate realities. Not only will they be free when the debt is amortized, but the bill will have been paid by the beneficiaries.



Lithograph by Louis Lozowick *Courtesy Downtown Gallery*

This toll idea has many applications. When you go to the famous Hayden Planetarium in New York City, you are getting this thrilling experience not because a philanthropist has made you a present of it (only the actual instruments

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are the gift of Charles Hayden) or because the city is having a fling at astronomy with taxpayers' money. This $650,000 spectacle is possible because you, from wherever you come, help pay for it with your quarter. And back of that is one private citizen's perspicacity.

For years the American Museum of Natural History had wanted a planetarium but had been unable to obtain either municipal or private backing for one. An architect, convinced that a planetarium designed with imagination would draw a steady, paying audience, suggested that the RFC might take a chance on it as a self-liquidating public project. And he was right. It was opened in 1935, and crowds flock to its half-dozen daily performances. Within 25 years this magnificent show, once rejected as not warranting public support, will have paid for itself.

Whiteface Mountain, in the Adirondacks, attracts visitors from all over the country. Two years ago, however, the view was only half there. Today a highway goes right to the top, the Adirondacks billowing out below in a glorious panorama. Yet the project has been no tax drain. One dollar, paid alike by New Yorkers, Kansans, Californians — by all thirsty enough for that beauty to think they'd like to pay something for it — makes it self-supporting. In the road's first year old Whiteface took in over $60,000!

II

MEN HAVE always made progress when they have taken the bull by the horns and said, "We want this. We'll pay for it ourselves. We won't leave it up to the government." Some of the first toll records can be traced to Babylonian and Syrian travelers: Constantly set upon by bands of highwaymen, they placed patrols on the roads, levying a tribute on each traveler.

America's development would have been retarded by decades if tolls had not been used. Inland States refused to keep up roads used principally as thoroughfares for emigrants trekking west. It took bitter controversy for Henry Clay to put through the Great Cumberland Road, our first mighty highway to the Mississippi. And in the end all that made it possible was a series of tollgates at each State line, through which passed a continuous stream of covered wagons, coaches, and drays.

With the revival of the toll system an old word has cropped up with a new meaning: *Authority*. When you slow down to pay your 50 cents to shoot under the Hudson River in either the Holland or Lincoln tunnel, a big sign stares you in the face: PORT OF NEW YORK AUTHORITY. And as you sail through a dozen different cities — Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, San Francisco, New Orleans are among them — it will flash at you again and again: AUTHORITY.

It's a sort of trademark of public service. Suppose a public market for farmers is needed. The city or State sets up an authority, which acts as a nonprofit holding company, buys the land, does the building. Raising capital through selling bonds, it meets the interest by charging rents or admissions. To such a market (there are already several) come farmers who previously lacked this accommodation.

Naturally authorities are subject to normal business hazards. Jones Beach, on Long Island, one of the finest in the country and affording relief to hundreds of thousands of weary New Yorkers, is a delicate financial problem. It was acquired by the State in parcel lots deeded by the townships which owned them. Maintenance — and it is no small job to supervise that vast expanse and its many recreational facilities — comes from admissions, parking fees, and tolls on two approaching causeways. Last year several Sundays of the short season were ruined by rain. In spite of this, Jones Beach made twenty per cent more last year than the year before. But in two years big hunks of principal have to be returned. What the weather will be meanwhile, it is impossible to say.

Other projects have their financial hazards. San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge has such a long approach that many motorists prefer ferries. The Oakland Bridge suffers from such a simple, unpredictable human factor as the preference of truck drivers for loafing on a ferry, eating their lunch, feeding the gulls while crossing San Francisco's beautiful harbor. Actually these bridges are meeting their obligations; but it will take time to offset capital investment.

Washington's RFC has 50 engineers checking the practicability of the hundreds of applications for funds which come in from all over the country. A legal department checks further.

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This toll idea is no simple solution of the problems of ambitious municipalities. Before consenting to a loan, the RFC, for example, refers to traffic surveys embodying 10 and 15 years' experience. Its judicious approach has saved some expensive mistakes. Originally the new Richmond Bridge in Virginia was to have cost $3,000,000. But RFC engineers, after "clocking" the traffic for a long period, submitted the opinion that such a debt could not be paid. Instead they advised the present bridge, which preserves the initial architectural beauty, for $1,700,000. And this project is paying for itself.

A careful investigation must precede all these enterprises. New York's Henry Hudson Parkway was toyed with for 25 years by succeeding city administrations but was always put off for fear its cost would not be justified. It took yearly reports of increasing traffic, culminating in the incredible count of 69,000,000 cars per year entering New York from the north, to convince bankers that a speedway approach to the city could pay for itself through tolls. In the Parkway's first year, over 6,000,000 drivers gladly used it. In fact so successful has it been that a second deck is now being constructed on the approaching bridge which connects Manhattan Island with the rest of New York State.

III

WHAT HAPPENS when a public project is paid for? Will it be free? Eventually, yes. But authorities, being holding companies for money borrowed for public works, must operate toll projects to the best general advantage. After construction costs have been repaid, they may lift the toll entirely or reduce it to cover only maintenance. Or they may continue charging the full toll, utilizing the surplus income for other equally worthy public projects. For example, profits from New York's Holland Tunnel have been applied to easing the first and hardest five-year period of the great George Washington Bridge. Most toll projects are not expected to reach their normal earning power for five years.

Aside from making new projects possible, the self-liquidating idea may also provide for reconstruction after catastrophe. Down in windswept Florida the road from Florida City to Key West was washed out by storm two years ago. There simply wasn't money to rebuild the 40 miles that were completely destroyed. In fact, that portion of the Florida East Coast Railroad which was also wiped out has been officially abandoned. In a word, no direct communication with the keys was left. But into this situation came then the toll system. The previous road had cost $15,000,000. Now it was sold for $640,000. The purchaser? A State authority. This authority borrowed $3,600,000 from the PWA, today has rebuilt the road, and by charging a $1.50 toll is paying back the loan.

Not only does it bring concrete benefits and real operating efficiency; the toll system engenders civic pride. At those municipally owned beaches where you pay for the privilege not just of swimming but of being in beautiful surroundings, there is a marked spirit of responsibility. People take pride in keeping the beaches — *their* beaches — free from litter; they actually use the refuse receptacles.

Making people pay for what they want is a stimulus to good manners. When, for example, you drive on the Henry Hudson Parkway, and are ushered into the greatest city in the world on that superb six-mile scenic drive along the Hudson River, the Palisades rising on the other bank, the skyscrapers standing up in the sun like fairy castles, the transatlantic liners slowly moving in or out of their piers, while all the time you're coming nearer and nearer to the heart of the city — all for ten cents — you're not just saving half an hour of tedious cross streets and traffic lights; you're getting the finest show you'll ever see for a dime.

Thus the spirit which creates such developments in civilization seems to say: "I want this improvement — not just as a convenience but as something I respect and admire, as something I believe in so much that I'm not only willing but proud to be contributing toward it."

In an early issue:
"The Hitch Hiker,"
by Chapman J. Milling

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Finishing Schools: a Defense

Drawing by Victor de Pauw

***by* SVEN NILSON**

THIS REJOINDER is in response to Mrs. Marian Castle's highly provocative, if not exactly well-informed, attack in the January FORUM on that famous plutocratic institution, the American "finishing school." Though many alumnae doubtless have rushed to the defense of their alma maters, I hope it is permissible for a mere male and a rank outsider at that to point out the insubstantial foundations on which many of Mrs. Castle's criticisms really rest and also to remind readers that most of the true evils of the institutions under fire are evils which they, for good and ill, share with virtually every other institution of learning in America, colleges and graduate schools not excepted.

With the basic assumptions of Mrs. Castle I find myself in complete and hearty agreement, to wit, that the education of our citizens is a matter of common concern, that its social importance is all the greater where it has to do with the future leaders of our country, and that all education ought to be education for life, i.e., practical, in a broad philosophical sense. But, when these assumptions have been duly enumerated and noted, it is difficult to find a single statement in Mrs. Castle's article which does not rest on ignorance, misunderstanding, or haphazard, slovenly thinking.

Let us begin with the most important of Mrs. Castle's basic assumptions, that all education should be education for life. What are the inferences she draws from this (in itself quite sound) principle? I believe her position may be summed up about as follows:

Really to be educated for modern life, an individual today must go through college, as most girls realize; and the finishing school that attempts to give college-preparatory work can neither do this as efficiently as a public high school or a "real" college preparatory school nor even do it at all without sacrificing any merits that it otherwise may have had. If it is assumed, however, that a girl does not want to go through college or lacks the ability to do so, she is entitled to the kind of education that will enable her to make a success of the only career then open to her, to wit, marriage. But the modern finishing school does not give her this kind of education; on the contrary, its all-feminine student body, its preponderantly feminine faculty, and its antiquated message and methods of teaching all combine to destroy or to threaten such chances of marital happiness as the girl once may have had. Indeed, says Mrs. Castle, when a girl leaves a finishing school she is quite ignorant of modern life; she knows nothing of modern politics or of modern financial problems; she does not know how to run her home or look after her personal finances. She has to face all the problems of twentieth-century America — and perhaps those of leadership — with the kind of training that perhaps might have been suitable for an English gentlewoman a century or two ago. This is all proved by facts like these — the finishing school tries to supervise the reading, friendships, and phone calls of its students; its teachers are all old maids, even *old* maids; and the sports it emphasizes are, inferentially, either antiquated or undemocratic.

Let us now look at these points one by one.

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II

FIRST OF ALL, is a college degree necessary for success in life? Does it in itself guarantee the attainment of broad knowledge, sound wisdom, or even financial independence? I believe these questions demand a negative answer.

"Success" may of course be interpreted very differently by different people, but, whether we look for emotional or mental maturity, knowledge of the world, strength and integrity of character, idealism, courage, or any other virtue or for "mere" material success, a thing which fools may despise, I believe that any sane and well-informed person must admit that all these things may be found and always have at times been found in people who never have been to college or in people who left college prematurely, perhaps even by "invitation."

In the same way, it seems quite safe to say that not even the possession of a string of degrees is a guarantee of wisdom, of ability to cope with life, of a well-molded character, or of economic success. Wisdom, character, and good financial fortune are all things which no college in the world can guarantee its graduates; nor can any one of them ever become the monopoly of those who have availed themselves of one particular type of educational guidance and training. So much for point number one.

III

THE SECOND question is this: Can a finishing school do as good college-preparatory work as a public high school or as a "real" college preparatory school? (Note in passing that I say *can* and not *does* or *will*.)

No two schools or colleges are alike. Having studied in two universities and taught in three, I know from experience that such institutions differ in their standards and, being intimately acquainted with teachers in several college-preparatory schools, finishing schools, and public high schools, I know also from their experiences that the same holds true of these latter institutions. And, when we come to the finishing schools, which are all laws unto themselves, only a fool or an utterly ignorant person would dare to make broad and necessarily fallacious generalizations.

The primary needs of any educational institution are really quite simple. Their number is only three: good teachers, good administrators, and good equipment. Of these, the teachers have the greatest importance, and the equipment the least.

It may be taken for granted that no educational institution has ever escaped its share of poor teachers. Anyone who is inclined to doubt that fact need only recall his own college or high-school days. This means, of course, that it would be nothing short of a miracle if the finishing schools escaped their share. I believe, however, and I base my belief on personal acquaintance with teachers in virtually every type of educational institution this country now can boast of, that the teachers found in the finishing school are neither better nor worse than the teachers in other comparable institutions. In any case, I can say quite categorically that at least *some* finishing schools have faculties of which they can be proud, teachers thoroughly familiar with their subjects, quite up-to-date in their methods, and in possession of as much (or more) formal scholastic education as the teachers in any college-preparatory school or even in most colleges.

What holds true of the teachers, I believe to hold true on the administrative side as well. I have known of incompetent high-school principals, college deans, and university presidents; I cannot doubt that similar ignorance, folly, and bigotry may be found among the owners and principals of some finishing schools. But in neither case would it be safe to generalize on the knowledge of particular cases. I have known liberal, well-informed, and far-sighted presidents, principals, and deans; I know also, from experience, that many a high school or college-preparatory school would gain a great deal if it exchanged administrators with some of the finishing schools. A public school is, in this country, hardly ever free from political pressure. A privately owned school, if run by liberal-minded people of means, comes perhaps as near to real academic freedom as any educational institution ever will, this side of Utopia.

As far as equipment goes, it is doubtless true that many finishing schools compare very unfavorably with some public high schools or with some college-preparatory schools, but here again it is neither safe nor wise to rush into generalization, nor should it be forgotten that the equipment needed by a given school depends on a great many things.

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IV

IT IS POSSIBLE that some finishing schools give a course or courses aiming at direct preparation for marriage, though I strongly doubt that fact. The lack of such a course or courses is perhaps something greatly to be deplored; there was a time when I would have been much more ready to agree with Mrs. Castle on that assumption than I am now; in any case it seems certain that Mrs. Castle's complaint is much more poorly justified than she herself can have imagined.

It is doubtless true that most finishing-school "graduates" will marry, but is this not also true of the graduates of most of our high schools and universities? And how many high schools, how many colleges give such preparation today? How many gave such preparation five or ten years ago? Nor can Mrs. Castle well maintain that the marriages of all their graduates are doomed to smash for the reason that they have had no such schooling. Few marriages known to history have reputedly been as happy as that of the Brownings, but few women have ever had less "preparation" for marriage, of a supposedly suitable kind, than Elizabeth Barrett. Her health, her home, and her education were all such that any thoughtful person would have been tempted to classify her as an extremely bad marital risk.

The divorce rate is unquestionably higher among the well-to-do than it is among the submerged millions, and the finishing school caters undeniably and quite exclusively to the rich. It is thus true that the chance of marital happiness seems rather less in the case of a finishing-school graduate than for other people. But this does not mean that the former's ill fortune is due to her lack of special preparation; the latter she has in common with nine tenths or more of the rest of our population. The trouble here goes deeper and is a matter for the sociologist rather than the educator.

Mrs. Castle evidently believes that schooling must be coeducational if it is to fit a person for marriage or even for normal human society. Even though I personally am rather in favor of coeducational schools, I know of no reason that could prove such a contention as that. Being happily married to a graduate of a famous girls' college in the East and knowing intimately men married to graduates of the same and other girls' colleges and of various coeducational universities, I can testify from experience that there is absolutely no reason for assuming that a coeducational college provides a better training for marriage than a college reserved for one of the sexes. And, if this is true, as I am sure it is, it is only reasonable to assume that the principle will hold true for other similar institutions, including the finishing school.

Having said this, it is perhaps unnecessary to add that teachers of a student's own sex do not seem to prevent the growth of a normal and wholesome attitude toward the other sex. If women teachers find a strong (and much needed) hold in girls' colleges, finishing schools, and various other institutions, one ought perhaps to remember that the teachers at Harvard, Yale, and Princeton are men, that most coeducational colleges seem to favor men teachers, and that — at least until very recent times — men had a virtual monopoly on the Christian ministry. A woman teacher may be a bad teacher in more ways than one; her influence may be thoroughly bad whether she teaches boys or girls — but may we not say the same of a man teacher? Even the marriage of a teacher does not necessarily ensure his or her emotional health. Warped personalities are found in both sexes alike and in the married no less than in the single. Some psychoanalysts, like Stekel, have even gone to considerable length to prove that marriage is no infallible guarantee of freedom from sex neurosis.

Mrs. Castle seems to be greatly worried about the danger of "crushes" and of the students' ignorance of the ways and the habits of men. Having discussed the matter with finishing-school teachers of long experience, I am quite convinced that the "crush" is largely mythical; everybody has heard of it, but few have ever had a case under personal observation. I do not deny, of course, that such phenomena exist; on the contrary, I know of one case that came somewhat under my own personal observation — but that was in a coeducational university and not in a woman-ridden finishing school. And, if Mrs. Castle wants to find the "convent" type of girl, whose knowledge of the dangerous male is distinguished most for its nonexistence, I doubt if she could look for it in a more unlikely place

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than in a finishing school. "Society" has more than one similarity with a hothouse; it may bring its products to bloom prematurely. With long vacations, generous week-ends, and often unlimited money, a girl would have to be singularly handicapped by nature or by her parents if she could reach her "coming out" party without a great deal of firsthand knowledge of men, often, no doubt, of a not too desirable kind.

V

MRS. CASTLE'S other criticisms are equally open to doubt.

She obviously does not know that some of these schools give special *uncensored* courses in current events, in economics, in government, and in history. I stress the *uncensored* because I *know* of "real" prep schools, high schools, and colleges where teachers of these subjects are told what they must say or must not say. Obviously she does not know that most of the students in these schools come with such a knowledge of finance that a high-school textbook in economics is too elementary for most of them, so that college texts must be used. She does not know that several, if not all, such schools have domestic-science courses taught by college graduates, many of them with recent degrees from the leading schools in their branch.

Other statements of Mrs. Castle are — I am sorry to be rude but I feel that I have to be frank — merely silly.

One school does not allow the students to subscribe to newspapers or magazines. Why? Because the school keeps an excellent list of magazines, also the *New York Times*, and because the head has learned from experience that the students tend to waste their time on "pulps" and home-town papers, read but for social news.

Another school keeps its phone number "secret" — though it is known to the parents, the faculty, and in fact to everybody who needs or has a right to know it. Why? To discourage interruptions by agents of various kinds — by phone solicitors (a pestilence in the neighborhood) and by curious journalists — and also to keep the perhaps too affluent "boy friends" of the too sheltered girls from playing havoc with their class or their study hours.

As for the unmarried faculties, they are not without exceptions. Some of these schools have married women teachers, though the unmarried ones doubtless predominate. But the same is true of our public high schools and, I believe, of most prep schools as well. Having known a great many teachers of both sexes, married as well as single and in all types of institutions, I know of no reason for thinking that an old maid must be either better or worse as a teacher than a man or a married woman. And age comes to all of us; it is hardly a crime. There are good teachers who are young and good teachers who are old, and a teacher may be bad irrespective of sex or of age.

And then, finally, if "the rest of the world frolics in shorts and halter-top bathing suits," so do the finishing-school girls, be this either for good or for ill. They do it even if they are encouraged to "follow the hounds," strange as this may sound to Mrs. Castle. The worst of this doubtless is that some people like to ride who can't very well afford to do so, though some do anyway, including many women who have never been within hailing distance of any finishing school.

At present our colleges suffer from the presence in them of students who have neither the ability to take advantage of the educational opportunities a college can offer nor an interest in the type of education the colleges now give. There is thus a real need for a kind of education different from what a college has to offer. To send such a student through the usual type of college-preparatory school is bad policy from every point of view. For some of these students the finishing school unquestionably furnishes as good an education as present conditions permit. These girls will never be "leaders," no matter how much money they may have — the same is also true of most college graduates, of course — but they may still be useful members of society, if they choose, intelligent and well-informed. For them a fluent knowledge of a foreign language, and a rather thorough knowledge of the arts that they will be called on to patronize and foster may actually be far more "practical" and useful than a knowledge of typing, business arithmetic, organic chemistry, or higher mathematics. No education can be an education for life unless it takes into consideration the life the individual may reasonably expect to live when he or she "graduates."

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The Artist's Point of View

The New York World's Fair and the Proposed Federal Bureau of Fine Arts

The New York City World's Fair is final proof, if proof is needed, that the country must have a federal bureau of fine arts to carry on permanently the work started under the federal art projects.

I was talking with a Fair official last week in one of many efforts to keep track of plans. This time I wanted to know if provision had been made for any noncommercial exhibits in the applied arts — exhibits showing designs by leading artist-designers which would be ahead of popular demand because too distinguished to sell in quantity at a profit and thereby get into commercial production. The designs I had in mind would indicate what the design of tomorrow can be, if and when it finds popular support and so through buyer demand does finally get produced. Knowing too well from long experience that business is interested only in that degree of leadership which returns a profit, I rather thought it was within the province of a world's fair with a slogan about the "world of tomorrow" to assert educational leadership in such a field, regardless of profit considerations.

"But you don't face facts," said my official over a cup of coffee in the administration-building cafeteria. "This fair is an outgrowth of the age-old festival or community gathering or more recent county fair, where all the merchants and peddlers and mountebanks follow the crowd to sell their wares. It is a circus. It is frankly commercial. You are an idealist. You want it to be educational. How would it pay for itself if manufacturers did not rent space? And why would they rent space if they could not advertise their wares or if wares better than their own were featured?"

To protect the one official who treated me to coffee from any reprisals for such frankness, let me say that the above did not literally take place as here set down. Rather it is a composite statement quoted from a number of behind-the-scenes World's Fair sources. Not in public do officials talk this way.

I duly thanked my host for the frankness, lustily argued that it was just these facts I was facing when I reluctantly called the Fair a major cultural tragedy because it will not show Europe or our millions of visiting citizens what the world of tomorrow can be in the arts applied to life. It will show them instead merchandise which a long list of manufacturers has found or thinks may be profitable. The bare fact that the Fair officials have steadfastly refused to allow an exhibit of contemporary fine arts in their world of tomorrow completes the indictment. (If they surrender on this point it will be only because of public clamor and a resolute mayor with a wider vision.)

I won't go into my counterarguments here — one to the effect that you can't stage even a good circus without the surprises and challenges of the creative mind, another that public moneys and a public agency should manage such community events. To establish the fact of commercialization under business auspices is enough for the moment.

The government art projects allowed the arts to escape from commercial auspices. That one fact alone marks them as the most important cultural event in the nation's history.

The Pepper-Coffee bill to establish a permanent bureau of fine arts is now ready for hearings in both houses of Congress. In spite of any single point which may need revision, this bill makes the projects permanent, removing them from a relief basis and allowing for quality standards. On this major fact it commands the support of all who wish to see a national art emancipated from private profit and so allowed to grow.

Ralph M. Pearson

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Can a Poet Save Our Democracy?

$1,000 in Prizes

THE FORUM has organized a prize competition for the most compelling poems *challenging the American people to be alert to their liberties.*

A total of $1,000 will be awarded in prizes.

* * *

What do you feel about this thing called liberty? What you *think* about it is probably what you learned from schoolbooks. But what do you *feel?* For, in the last analysis, events are determined not by intellectual conclusions but by spiritual reactions. This nation won an independent existence not by some process of abstract thought but because her men and women *burned* for liberty. And now the terrifying complications of a machine civilization have bred new forces which threaten the kind of government we call democracy and, with it, our hard-won and long-cherished freedom. Where are the poets who can make us burn again for liberty?

The Editors are not seeking to offer a theme but merely to strike a keynote. The poet must stir those deep emotions that in the past have made men willing to suffer hardship or even death to achieve or maintain their free institutions. He will do well to keep in mind the inner meaning of free institutions — the chance they give the individual to grow in mind and spirit and to give his fellow men the unique product of his own experience, knowledge, imagination, aspiration, and fellow feeling. It is hoped to secure clear, uncomplicated texts which may be set to music.

* * *

The Editors hope that many leading American poets will be moved to enter the competition. They are aware, however, that stirring verse may come from undergraduates in college or from boys and girls in high school. The competition has therefore been divided into groups, with prizes for each, as follows:

A — General Public	B — College Undergraduates	C — Secondary-School Students
1st Prize $300	1st Prize $150	1st Prize $100
2nd Prize $150	2nd Prize $100	2nd Prize $ 60
3rd Prize $ 50	3rd Prize $ 50	3rd Prize $ 40

Writers' Conference Fellowship

The Olivet Writers' Conference, of Olivet College, Michigan, offers a fellowship for 1939, covering all costs of the Conference, to the prize-winning contestant who, in the opinion of the Conference admissions committee, seems most likely to benefit by attendance at the Conference.

Consolation Prizes

A copy of "The Complete Rhyming Dictionary," edited by Clement Wood, will be awarded to each of the 50 contestants who seem most likely to profit by it.

Padraic Colum

Judges—William Allan Neilson

Carl Van Doren

Instructions: — *No poem is to exceed 40 lines in length. Manuscripts must be addressed to the Poetry Contest Editor;* THE FORUM; *570 Lexington Avenue; New York City; and must be mailed before midnight of June 30, 1938. Under no circumstances will any manuscript be returned or its receipt acknowledged. Manuscripts must be clearly marked with the name and address of the contestant and with the group letter (A, B, or C) of the class in which the poem is being entered. Contestants in class B or C must state name of college or school attended.* ***In order to qualify for a prize, the contestant must accompany his submission with a remittance of 25 cents in stamps.***

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

Former President, Poetry Society of America

It would be fairer to devote 4 pages instead of one to 36 new books of verse presented here for review this month. In the interest of brevity, however, we compress them into 4 groups judged by their quality: *B* — poetry of distinction, *C* — verse of merit, *D* — verse of originality, *E* — verse of local or personal rather than national appeal.

B—Poetry of Distinction

Collected Poems, by E. E. Cummings (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00). The works of our most bizarre and original contemporary American poet make a rare collector's item for the many, a book of horse laughter for some, a treasure of fierce beauty for the few.

U. S. 1, by Muriel Rukeyser (Covici-Friede, $2.00). Steel and silicosis, a radical symphony of symbolism and action.

Shadow of the Perfect Rose, by Thomas S. Jones, Jr. (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50). The most tranquil, the most magical of all American mystics.

The New World, by Edgar Lee Masters (Appleton-Century, $2.50). From the speculations of Strabo the geographer to the "crumpled roofs of Acoma" here is unfolded a complete and stirring epic of America.

Voices from the Fields, edited by Russell Lord (Houghton Mifflin, $2.00). These are the natural poems of a splendid folk, the American farmers, sturdy, tender, and true.

Poems, by Louis MacNeice (Random House, $2.50). This young friend of Auden and Spender is more lyrical and traditional in his rhythms than they. He is a calm reincarnated Greek keenly observing the complicated world of today.

Poems, by Rex Warner (Knopf, $2.00). Another British friend of Lewis, Auden, and Spender; infinitely observant but loving allegory more than photography.

C—Verse of Merit

Natural History, by Raymond Holden (Holt, $2.00). These poems are finely polished mirrors of sensitive observation.

Etched in Words, by Gertrude Ryder Bennett (Putnam, $2.00). Here is a buoyantly popular poet who does not forget her responsibility as an artist.

After Eden, by Emma Gray Trigg (Putnam, $2.00). This Virginian poet knows the joy of living in restraint but in fullness.

Twelve Poets of the Pacific, edited by Yvor Winters (New Directions, $2.50). Poems of sunlight and unclouded vision.

One Hundred Poems from the Palatine Anthology, by Dudley Fitts (New Directions, $2.50). A de luxe book of the best of the Greek epigrams deftly turned into sparkling English idiom.

A Boy of Clare, by E. H. W. Meyerstein (Oxford, $1.50). Brave pastoral rhymes from East Anglia.

D—Verse of Originality

The Untillable Hills, by W. W. Christman (Driftwind, $1.75). A New York State dirt-farmer poet in the tradition of Walt Whitman.

Streams from the Source, by Helene Mullins (Caxton, $2.00). Helene Mullins is a poet by inheritance rather than by artistry.

The Plainsmen of the Plains, by Malinda Bell McCrossan (privately printed). A philosophical epic of the Dust Bowl.

Grass of Parnassus, by Arthur Henry Goodenough (Driftwind, $1.75). A representative selection from this popular ballad writer of Vermont.

Pick Up the Pieces, by Arthur Morris Dinsmore (Stratford, $1.00). Plain and rollicking humor.

Flames from a Candle, by Helen Regan Skillern (Caxton, $1.50). The gentle lyrics of a mother in Idaho.

Armatheon and Daphne, by Mary Ellis Robins (Dorrance, $1.50). A philosophical poem based on an ancient Greek setting.

E—Verse of Local or Personal Appeal

Dream's Shadow, by Barbara Hallett (Driftwind, $1.50). The posthumous verse of a New England poet of sensitive passion and graciousness.

Poems, by Margaret S. Hosmer (Herald-Silhouettes, $1.00). Rich in wistful cadence.

Poems of Faith, by Edith E. McGee (Stratford, $1.00). Sincere religious verse.

Prairie Phantasy, by Frances Vejtasa (Dorrance, $1.25). Epigrammatic.

At Anchorage, by Mary Wimborough Ploughe (Poetry Publishers, $2.00). Honest verse for fireside recitation.

From a Curving Bowl, edited by C. B. McAllister (Lantern, $1.00). Earnest craftsmen at work on a variety of themes.

Up Trail, by A. A. Wickenden (Poetry Publishers, $2.00). Lusty Canadian pioneer verse.

Scenes and Sounds, by Robert F. Keagle (Christopher, $1.25). A happy fisherman in the Poconos.

The Witch of Endor, by Alice du Pont Ortiz (Christopher, $1.50). Eerie balladry of witchcraft.

Out of the Heart of Kentucky, by Daniel Maurice Robins (Christopher, $5.00). An open record of Lincoln in plain rhymes.

Ordered Chaos, by Clare Louise Burt (Christopher, $1.50). Metaphysical.

Let Me Linger, by Mabel Ingalls Wescott (Meador, $1.50). The good life of Vermont and New Hampshire done into rhyme.

Sixty Selected Poems and Songs for Our Little Ones, by Clifford Gough (Meador, $1.00). Melodies from the Dakotas and Montana.

A Bard for a Moment, by Guy J. Bond (Meador, $1.00). Amiable verse of the Kentucky hills.

The Overland Marker, by Frank E. Breithaupt (Meador, $1.50). Household verse of prairie pioneers.

He Played the Game Fair, by DeWitt Miles Benham (Meador, $1.00). The thesaurus of a Baltimore pastor.

Anthems

Why do the candles glow more pure and white
Upon her hands and upturned face tonight?

She sings the anthems in the choir loft
Her voice more tender and her eyes grown soft.

O, God, forgive her, singing in the holy place,
That bright, new adoration on her face;

For strange it is how, dreaming, woman-wise,
She keeps remembering her lover's eyes.

Vana Comstock

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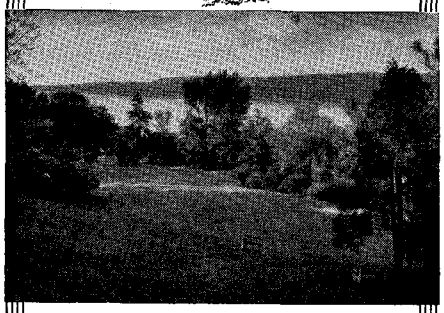
The American Nauheim



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TOASTS

The ANONYMOUS author of "A Businessman Looks at the Army" is 42, married, and the father of three children. Prior to his term of active army duty he had been a real-estate broker, salesman of farm implements, and printer. At present most of his energies go into free-lance writing.

FRED C. KELLY has been in Europe much of the time in recent years, observing and writing about political affairs. His last article for THE FORUM, "Can Trust Companies Be Trusted?" (in 1932), raised ructions.

HAROLD LORD VARNEY has emerged in recent months as one of our leading journalist spokesmen for the conservative viewpoint.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES, author of *This Land of Liberty*, was formerly Editor of the *Dictionary of American Biography*. He lives and writes in New York.

THOMAS J. COURTNEY is State's Attorney of Cook County, Illinois, whose vigorous drives against racketeering in Chicago have brought him into the national limelight. He began as a civil-service employee in Chicago, served as clerk and chief clerk of the city council, and was elected in 1926 to the State senate, where he became Democratic leader.

SIR JOSIAH STAMP, widely recognized as one of the world's leading economists, recently returned to his English home after a visit to America.

ALVIN F. HARLOW has written theatrical biographies, essays, and both fiction and nonfiction for magazines but is possibly better known as a historian of transportation and communication. He has contributed to a number of magazines.

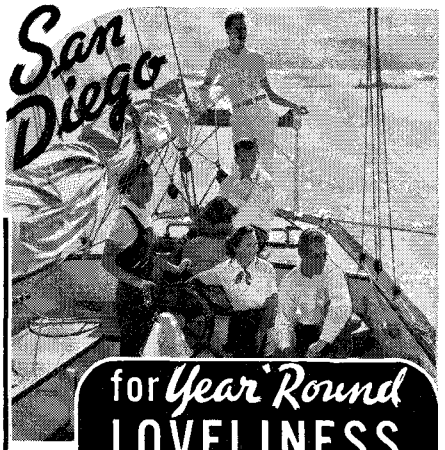
FRANCES FROST'S most recent books were *Innocent Summer*, a novel, and *Road to America*, a volume of poetry. She has been working on another novel, to be called *Village of Glass*.

MORRIS LLEWELLYN COOKE has been active in many water and power conservation movements. He attributes a great part of his deep concern with conservation problems to the distinguished engineer Arthur J. Mason.

FORD MADOX FORD, the brilliant British novelist, essayist, and biographer, was last found in these pages in the summer of 1937, when he wrote two articles for THE FORUM on "The Sad State of Publishing."

WILSON CHAMBERLAIN is an American journalist who has spent much time abroad, particularly in Paris, and whose career has embraced both newspaper and free-lance writing.

SVEN NILSON is a native of Sweden who was educated in this country and subsequently taught at the Universities of Minnesota and Oregon. At present he lives in Hartford, Connecticut, and is devoting himself to writing.



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PURCELL. English Music Society, vol. I. Isolde Menges & William Primrose, violins; Ambrose Gauntlett, viola da gamba; Bernard Richards, cello; John Ticehurst, harpsichord; Keith Faulkner, baritone; the International String Quartet (Columbia set 315; 3 10″ & 5 12″ records, $14.50).

MOZART: SYMPHONY NO. 40 IN G MINOR. Sir Thomas Beecham & the London Philharmonic Orchestra (Columbia set 316; 3 records, $5.00).

BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY NO. 1 IN C MAJOR. The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting (Victor M, AM 409; 4 records, $8.00).

MOZART: CONCERTO IN D MINOR FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA. Bruno Walter & the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra (Victor M, AM 420; 4 records, $6.50).

BRAHMS: TRIO IN A MINOR, OP. 114. Ralph McLane, clarinet; Sterling Hunkins, cello; Milton Kay, piano (Musicraft album 15; 3 records, $5.00).

SANDBURG: FROM "THE AMERICAN SONGBAG." Carl Sandburg, accompanying himself on the guitar (Musicraft album 11; 4 10″ records, $4.50).

ACCORDING to Mr. Alec Robertson, the author of a learned brochure accompanying the Purcell records, England's greatest composer lacks the homage which is his rightful due. The greater portion of his music has been neglected, and has withered among the dust of the archives in English libraries. Columbia, however, has been revivifying his compositions and placing them before the public. This album contains nine four-part fantasias, one five-part fantasia on one note, the "golden" sonata, three songs, and two catches.

The effort expended in recording this music should be well compensated for by the gratitude of those who like Purcell's works and of those who have not had the opportunity of making their acquaintance. Many passages indicate his advancement over his times, as his music foreshadows much of Bach's style and Handel's idiom. The fantasias, free developments in fugal form, spin polyphonic and homophonic webs around simple themes. Neither daring nor new departures in form, the sonata and the songs are nevertheless impressive. The catches are lusty tavern tunes, sung by the common people. Here, then, is an indication of Purcell's varied talents. Although the recording is quite excellent, the performances good, and much of the music enjoyable, I cannot share Mr. Robertson's sycophantic devotion for Purcell.

WALTER and Toscanini have reputations for their Mozart. So has Sir Thomas Beecham. Yet even his reputation scarcely can account for his new recorded version of the G-minor symphony. Whether it may be because of the brilliance of his orchestra, his conducting, or Columbia's recording work or of all three factors combined, this set makes all previous versions obsolete. Mozart's music is completely Anglicized. It is clear, deliberate, and vigorous — and tinged, still, with the touching qualities inherent in its materials and its working out. Smoothly are the parts blended; Sir Thomas is a stickler for detail. His beautiful phrasing makes the music breathe. Presumably beneath their outward aloofness, the English experience the true emotions — or so it would seem after hearing this performance of the G-minor symphony.

WHEN Ormandy took over the Philadelphia Orchestra, he started with a handicap; he had been preceded by Stokowski. But this new version of Beethoven's first symphony is the latest indication on records that Ormandy belongs to the first-line conductors. If his conception of this symphony is too theatrical, too egotistical, and lacking in the humility forced on us by Beethoven, the performance so sparkles that doubtless Beethoven could overlook Ormandy's irreverent tempos and showmanship. Also Beethoven would be forced to admit that few orchestras could give his music such life, such singing tone, and such sensuous appeal. As for Victor's contribution to the piece, it is noble, except for the recording of the very quiet marking out of the rhythmic figure by the timpani in the slow movement.

A FEW years ago Victor released a recording of the Mozart concerto, with Edwin Fisher as soloist, accompanied by the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Since this set still sounds fresh and brilliant, one may ask why Victor decided to compete with its own product. The new Walter performance is more romantic than the Fisher. His Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, of which he is also the conductor in this recording, is a better, more resonant band. Its quality of tone emphasizes the lower frequencies, to believe the records, with the result that it suggests often a tepid liquidness. In addition, Walter's treatment of the music is rather broad for its character. Sometimes a lack of precision is noticeable between the piano and the orchestra, which circumstance is a natural result when the soloist is also the conductor. Despite its shortcomings, this interpretation is appealing. A question arises, then, as to which of two fine recordings is to be chosen. Should you prefer a crystal, well-articulated performance of Mozart, as I do, choose Fisher; should you want a romantic, poetic, often sentimental Mozart, select Walter.

PHILIP HALE detested Brahms's music almost until the critic's death. If his abhorrence, which extended particularly to Brahms's orchestral music, also included Brahms's chamber music, I respect Hale's judgment that much less. The clarinet trio, a late work, is Brahms at his best. It contains all the composer's inventiveness, impetuosity, and tenderness to excess — but to a wholly ingratiating excess. The performance by the gentlemen concerned satisfies all the desiderata for Brahms's music save one. While the playing is vital, rhythmical, pulsating, and imaginative, the tone of Mr. McLane's clarinet is too austere and cold to harmonize with Messrs. Hunkins' and Kay's soft, velvety richness.

THE eight songs from "The American Songbag," a collection of folklore, contain enough variety to cut a cross section of several emotions of our people. Some of the songs are pleasing; others are dull. Those which are dull may be so only because of Sandburg's uninspiring manner of presentation. He purported to recreate the songs as the "folk" sing them. In this effort he has failed, for the interpretations are too consciously studied. It is obvious that they have been prepared for performance and not sung spontaneously. All this, however, does not detract from the enjoyment of listening to the records. "The Gallows Song" and "The Horse Named Bill" belong in every record collection. Apart from some needle scratch, the records are well made.

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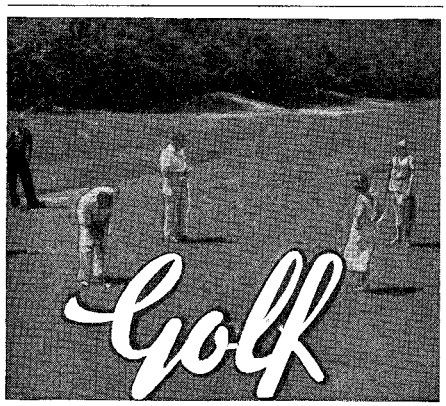

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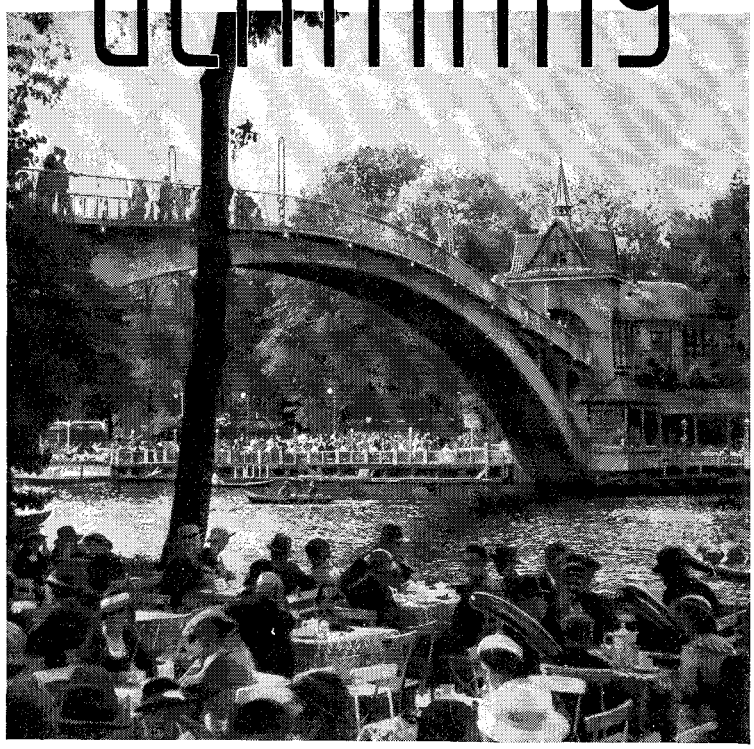

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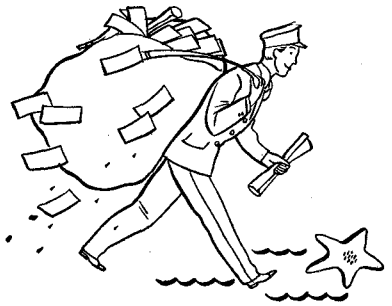

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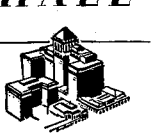

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. *Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

OUR LYRIC NATURALISTS

"Naturally the language of science doesn't adapt itself readily to ordinary conversation or inspire poets. *Ladybug, ladybug, fly away home* would be difficult if one were compelled to address this little spotted beetle as *Coccinella dipunctata, Coccinella dipunctata.* — Herbert B. Nichols in "Does Science Make Sense?" February FORUM.

Dear Professor Herbert Nichols
How your FORUM *paper tickles;*
Scientific Nomenclature
Shocks your high poetic nature.

I heard today a childish voice
Would sure have made your heart rejoice;
I saw her sitting on the sod
Just trilling to a hexapod.

Coccinella, coccinella,
You are such a careless fella;
Should you not be home returning;
Don't you know the place is burning?

Coccinella, coccinella,
Leave your stalk of blue prunella;
Never mind the juicy aphis,
Though seductive as Priapis.

Coccinella, coccinella,
Whether red, or black, or yella,
With elytra double spotted,
Or, perhaps, just single dotted,

Don't you hear me tell you, Stop it!
When I speak you'd better 'op it;
For the only thing that matters
Is those helpless dipunctatas.

Coccinella, Coccinella —
So — ad lib — it's easy, fella.

MAYNARD D. FOLLIN
Dunedin, Fla.

THE SERVANT PROBLEM

To the Editor:

I have read the anonymous article, "Servants Are Humans" [March FORUM] and enjoyed every line of it. . . .

. . . The State will have to step in and regulate the hours and set mimimum wages. . . . Living conditions . . . can only be remedied through trade union organization. I . . . cannot place much hope in the education of the household employer. . . .

ROSE SCHNEIDERMAN
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when to say "introduce"?
when to say "present"?
how to become a writer?
when to use "would" and "should"?
how to increase your vocabulary?
how to tell a story?
how to clinch that deal?
how to find just the right word?
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Next Month

and later

WHAT IT MEANS TO LIVE IN CONNECTICUT

Roger Burlingame

Recently a resident of Connecticut lost a court battle for the privilege of swimming in his private pond, which is also part of the watershed of a utility system furnishing a public water supply. Mr. Burlingame and a group of his friends, who otherwise enjoy the seclusion of their Connecticut estates, large and small, have had a long and bitter acquaintance with the operations of this public-service corporation. They are afraid not merely of being unable to swim in their own lakes but of being summarily deprived of their land without means of securing fair compensation. The water magnates have been bowling over all opposition for years, but they have caught a tartar in Mr. Burlingame, and he is giving them the needle unmercifully. If they ever get his land, they'll deserve it.

I'M NOT SENDING MY SON TO COLLEGE

James Carroll

The average father, whether or not he is a college man himself, wants his son to be one, if he can possibly afford it. Whatever the reasons for this common desire, it is one of the factors heavily responsible for the annual procession of young men from our halls of learning in numbers that would have seemed incredible not many generations ago. Mr. Carroll, realizing sensibly that his son has no special abilities that might be specifically fostered by advanced study, is afraid that college would make him feel superior without giving him the equipment to justify the belief, in a material sense, thus perhaps condemning him to a lifetime of unhappy frustration. The money he might have spent on a college education the boy will get when he is ready to go into business for himself.

WEEK-END PIONEERS

Ralph Haley

Are you thinking of buying a place in the country this year? Thousands of city dwellers cherish the belief that paradise is a quaint little farmhouse in the hills to which they might flee if the city's mad pace grew too swift for them. Mr. Haley is one of these — with reservations. Even in paradise, somebody has to wash the dishes, and the plumbing in Eden is curiously out of date.

FORUM

and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

MAY 1938

Better Mothers. *Editorial Foreword* . . . . . HENRY GODDARD LEACH 257
City of Fallen Angels . . . . . CLINTON J. TAFT 259
One Year to Live . . . . . ANONYMOUS 266
Design in Dust. *A Poem* . . . . . ELIAS LIEBERMAN 267
The Building and Loan Bubble . . . . . J. L. BROWN 269
Profits Out of War? *A Debate on the Sheppard-May Bill*
I — No Slackers, No Profiteers . . . . . JOHN THOMAS TAYLOR 273
II — A Bad Bargain for All Parties . . . . . GERALD P. NYE 275
Life and Literature. *Doers and Thinkers* . . . . . MARY M. COLUM 278
The Theater Forum . . . . . JOHN W. GASSNER 284
Problems in Living . . . . . WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON 286
Do You Think You're Psychic?
Freer Than a Bachelor . . . . . WILLIAM F. MCDERMOTT 289
What the Jews Have Taught Me . . . . . FAITH G. WINTHROP 294
Moses on Nebo. *A Poem* . . . . . ROBERT NATHAN 299
Have Not and Prosper . . . . . EDWIN MULLER 300
A World for Men . . . . . NORAH CLANCY 305
Scandinavia in America . . . . . BERTRAM B. FOWLER 310
Relief and the Church . . . . . LAWRENCE LUCEY 315
The Artist's Point of View . . . . . RALPH M. PEARSON 319
A Page for Poets
But We're Not All Poets . . . . . MARGARET LATHROP LAW 320
The Apple Grove. *A Translation from Sappho* . . . . LEONORA SPEYER 320
The Book Forum . . . . . M. L. ELTING IV
The Record Review . . . . . ARTHUR WALLACE HEPNER X
Toasts IX
Our Rostrum XII

VOL. XCIX — No. 5

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THE BOOK FORUM

AMERICA GOES TO WAR — Charles C. Tansill (Little, Brown, $5.00).
HEREDITY AND POLITICS — J. B. S. Haldane (Norton, $2.50).
THE POLITICOS — Matthew Josephson (Harcourt, Brace, $4.50).
DANCER IN MADRID — Janet Riesenfeld (Funk & Wagnalls, $2.50).
CHILDREN OF THE RISING SUN — Willard Price (Reynal & Hitchcock, $3.00).
HUMOR AND HUMANITY — Stephen Leacock (Holt, $2.00).
OPERA FRONT AND BACK — H. Howard Taubman (Scribner, $3.75).
HELEN'S TOWER — Harold Nicolson (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50).
LETTERS FROM ICELAND — W. H. Auden & Louis Macneice (Random House, $3.00).
SHIPS IN THE SKY — Gunnar Gunnarsson (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50).

SOMETIMES by writing history a man makes it. If Charles C. Tansill hasn't done just that, he has come very near with *America Goes to War*, a history of those three harrowing years before April, 1917. Once more he asks the old question: How could this country, passionate for neutrality, be drawn into the conflict? Never before has so clear, so searching an answer been given; and never has the story of Wilson's forced retreat to the front assumed such tragic inevitability. It is this dramatic quality of the book, even more than the new material presented, that makes it striking. By a very miracle of organization, Dr. Tansill has given life and an overwhelming sense of suspense to his documented day-to-day record. Scrupulous observer that he is, he never oversimplifies his story. There are no villains in his piece. There are rather big businessmen, diplomats, statesmen, in the role of the Furies, with Wilson and his neutral America valiant but doomed to follow that first steel submarine plate sent, not too *sub rosa*, to Canada for transshipment. We cried out for an embargo on trade with belligerents; but a depression hit us, and we were persuaded that sales of war goods to the Allies could ease the crisis without endangering our peace. And so the reasoning went at every step, from trade to loans, to vaster loans, to troops — with Germany's unfortunate high command blundering enough to reinforce the argument. In 1914 there was no such bold handwriting on the wall as *America Goes to War*. If you have any faith in the preventive power of enlightenment, this book should give you hope.

THE other day in London, a tall and bulky scion of one of England's distinguished families led an angry throng to Downing Street in protest against Neville Chamberlain's allegedly profascist policies. The spectacle of an aristocrat leading a mob was news — the more so because this chief demonstrator was also a world-famous geneticist, Mr. J. B. S. Haldane. Why and how his unique interests in both the forum and the laboratory fuse is shown in *Heredity and Politics*. His conclusions are heresy — at least to those politicians who believe that by sterilizing their opponents (or, as they would have it, their inferiors) they can make the world safe for themselves.

Writing with an American audience in mind, Mr. Haldane has chosen examples largely from the American scene. Not that he ignores Germany — where burgeon such elaborate racial doctrines. Hitler's baroque biology comes in for a good ribbing; but the tendency of Americans to erect superstitions about race into laws is what really concerns this very lively professor. Eugenics, he says, is no field in which to find panaceas. Indeed, he goes so far as to show that thus far the results of research on human heredity are largely negative. That is, almost any given theory can be demolished, although new ones are not yet ready to take the places of all that are destroyed. The fault, it appears, is not only with our genes that we are underlings but with today's manifold economic jeopardies. And sterilization is as hard to justify as killing the goose that laid the golden egg.

POLITICS pure and simple — or, rather, politicians seldom pure and never simple — furnish Matthew Josephson with material for a facile and vigorous sequel to his *Robber Barons*. The economic leaders of the turbulent, ripening America which grew out of the Civil War were the heroes of the earlier book. Complementing these manipulators, who usually kept offstage, were public officials and "bosses" ever in the spotlight. In *The Politicos* Mr. Josephson tells their story and the story of their curiously indistinguishable parties.

All the exuberance of those who gilded an age is caught in this abundant book. From President Johnson and the days of ruinous Reconstruction to Mark Hanna and his man McKinley, American capitalism expanded at an unparalleled rate; and the author shows that politics adroitly kept pace. There were graft, abuse, demagogy in an era that saw the Crédit

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The Book Forum

mobilier scandal and the headlong surrender into private hands of what remained of the public domain. But running th rough it all was a quintessential vitality.

It is emphasis on this vitality, on the action, of the political world that saves *The Politicos* from being merely ex post facto muckraking. Blinding himself to none of the fabulous corruption which is a matter of record, Mr. Josephson studies it from a mature point of view. He sees there is not much use in flogging a dead dog but he also sees the use of studying all the symptoms of disease surrounding the animal's incorrigibility.

WAR and politics have flushed a whole covey of books about Spain but none so colorful as Janet Riesenfeld's *Dancer in Madrid.*

Very young and American and headstrong, the author cajoled her way across the frontier during the first days of the revolt. She had a professional engagement as a dancer to keep — and she was going to marry the handsomest man in Spain. Innocent of factions and causes, she found herself almost immediately in the midst of behind-the-lines intrigue. The story of how her sympathies turned to her friends the Loyalists while her fiancé was smuggling arms as a spy for Franco is sheer melodrama. But, softened by an almost childlike directness in the telling, Miss Riesenfeld's adventures never seem so terrifying as they must in reality have been. Her book is touching and gallant rather than tragic — which is probably just what she intended.

WHATEVER Willard Price may think about the grandiose philosophy of Japan's empire builders, he has affection and admiration for the Japanese people. He has followed them into all the countries where their trade or colonies take root and in *Children of the Rising Sun* he records his long and fascinating quest. He visited in the Mongol tents of Manchukuo and saw how these nomads are being fitted into Japan's huge industrial scheme. He learned in a Korean convent how the agrarian 80 per cent of the 122,000,000 people in north China, Manchukuo, and Korea are used to "subsidize industry and defense" and to realize Japan's national ambitions. He surveyed the Philippines, swiftly surrendering to Nipponese traders.

To explain the drive behind all this vast expansion is something like squaring the circle, only a good deal more disturbing. Sooner or later the whole world, Mr. Price believes, will have to reckon with Japan's urge to power. The outcome will depend partly on how well we Westerners understand the East. By his fortunate knack for combining travelogue with shrewd analysis, Mr. Price has given us a lift along the way.

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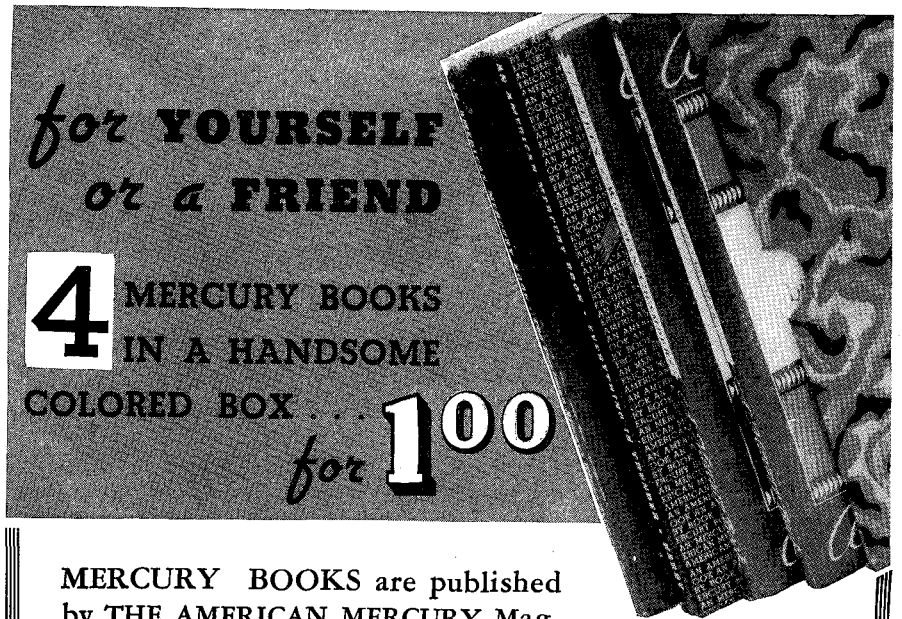

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The Book Forum

THE new book by Stephen Leacock, called *Humor and Humanity,* is his confession of faith. He stoutly believes and offers the evidence to show that the quality of the world's humor is getting better and better. By this he means that the whole idea of what is funny has improved through the ages — from the savages and the Greeks who laughed at physical suffering, through the only less painful eras of practical joking, to Mr. Pickwick and Tartarin and maybe Charley McCarthy. Humor has become "the kindly contemplation of the incongruities of life, and the artistic expression thereof."

As one of the kindliest of humorists himself, Mr. Leacock has abounding faith in his craft. He even maintains that within certain limits you can teach people to be, if not better, at least funnier. So lucid and persuasive and amusing is this little book of his, you will have to dig deep into a store of arguments to prove him wrong.

AN excursion ticket to Cloud-Cuckoo Land is *Opera Front and Back,* by H. Howard Taubman. Here in one book—fat as a basso, lively as a tilt between rival prima donnas — you have the whole story of that mad and amusing world, the lyric theater.

Mr. Taubman loves the opera with a devotion and an irreverence that make every page a joy. He relishes its foibles and its vitality; he pays full account to its splendor. When he takes the stuffing from its shirt with one hand, he salutes its spirit with the other.

The unregenerate who thank heaven for the radio that filters out all sight of operatic acting will read with at least respectful awe how the complex mechanics of the show is managed. The prompting of stars who forget their parts (and even the greatest of them occasionally do), the perfect timing, the intricate control of scenery and props require skills of a high order. There are geese and horses to be trained — though the Metropolitan's team has been on the job for 25 years and knows the cues.

Even the fanatical operagoer can learn from Mr. Taubman facts he never dreamed of. And all the way through his book runs a brisk current of anecdotes of the sort that singers seem to produce constantly on a mass basis. By his orderly and careful arrangement of all this material, Mr. Taubman has given his book solidity as well as grace. This is an entertaining, a sterling piece of work.

THROUGH his biographies of British statesmen, Harold Nicolson has done much toward making plausible to Americans that strange phenomenon, the foreign and colonial policy that emanates from Downing Street. *Helen's Tower,* the life of Lord Dufferin, is among his best.

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The Book Forum

Dufferin was gracious, gifted, brave. Whether or not he was a great man, Mr. Nicolson believes that he was a very great diplomat. Although this writer's emphasis is on Dufferin's personality rather than on his career, it is nevertheless the story of his public life that rewards the reader most. In it is reflected much of the change and upheaval of Victorian England and much of its intricacy and charm.

Lord Dufferin was Mr. Nicolson's uncle by marriage only, yet a feeling of kinship between them illuminates the book and makes it as much an autobiography as a loving portrait. Perhaps because he is an intensely shy man, Mr. Nicolson has developed this double-edged kind of writing into an art of his own; and it is here most effective.

M. L. ELTING

IN Iceland many strange books were written down on sheepskin in the Middle Ages, but no stranger book has ever been written about Iceland than the travelogue of two young British poets, a left-wing proletarian and his imaginative but more orthodox friend. In *Letters from Iceland*, with rhymed letters, memoranda, collected aphorisms, and odd statistics, these realistic, metallic, modern minds play gaily over the habits of the "duck-shaped" island whose people are per capita the most literate and the thriftiest and whose women are the most indifferent to attractive dress of any civilized nation. In the kindly but devastating criticism of this book the greatest sculptor of Iceland becomes one of the world's worst. Every page sparkles with surprises. Most pungent are the notes on diet. There is, for example, whale tail pickled in sour milk. As to half-rotten shark: "Owing to the smell it has to be eaten out of doors. It is shaved off with a knife and eaten with brandy."

IN contrast, we have a new saga by a contemporary Icelandic novelist. The scene of *Ships in the Sky*, by Gunnar Gunnarsson, is an old Icelandic farm. The realism of medieval sagas is retained in this book, but, instead of the broad, bold lines of feud and revenge, Icelandic literature now gives us the delicate detail of daily living, the brooding of the hen over her eggs and the boy over his toys. *Ships in the Sky* is the autobiography of a child in his eighth year, but such is the intelligent, sensitive observation of the Icelandic mind in a milieu that is at the same time impoverished but regal that this tale, like an old saga, is at once world literature in whatever language it is well translated.

H. G. L.

(Beginning on page 278, Mary M. Colum discusses the new books listed below.)

THE SUMMING UP — W. Somerset Maugham (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50).

A POET'S LIFE — Harriet Monroe (Macmillan, $5.00).

THE YEARLING — Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings (Scribner, $2.75).

CLAUDE BERNARD: PHYSIOLOGIST — J. M. D. Olmsted (Harper, $4.00).

THE CULTURE OF CITIES — Lewis Mumford (Harcourt, Brace, $4.50).

THE DEGREES OF KNOWLEDGE — Jacques Maritain (Scribner, $6.00).

(And on page 284 John W. Gassner reviews briefly the following books on the theater.)

THE THEATRE IN CHANGING EUROPE — Thomas H. Dickinson (Holt, $5.00).

ENCORE — Daniel Frohman (Furman, $3.50).

TO A LONELY BOY — Arthur Hopkins (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50).

THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRST NIGHT — George Jean Nathan (Knopf, $2.50).

THREE GREEK PLAYS — translated and edited by Edith W. Hamilton (Norton, $2.50).

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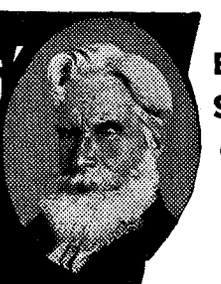

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